A MAN AND MANSION OF MANY MARVELS.

(See Page 518.)

THE ROYAL MAGAZINE

3D.

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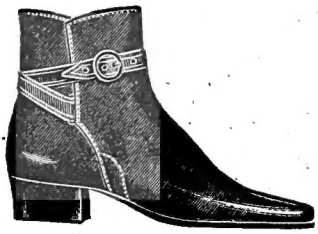

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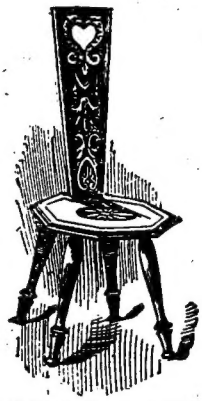

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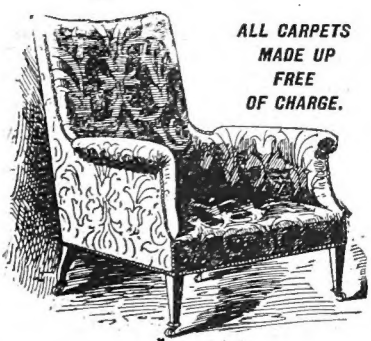

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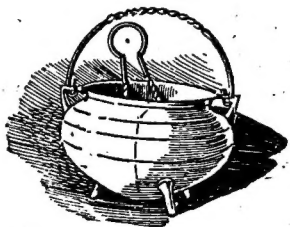

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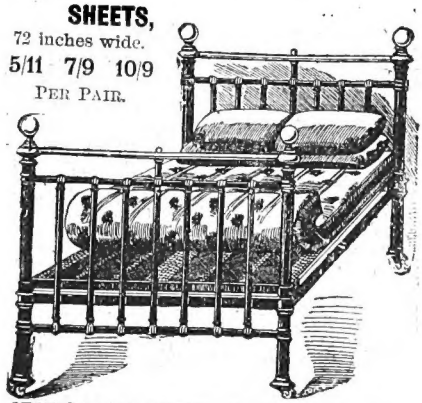

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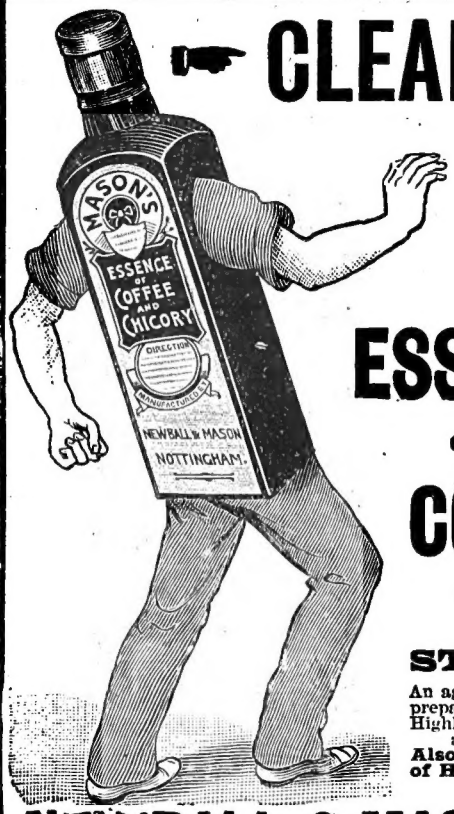

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7½ ft. by 9 ft.	" 10,4	10½ ft. by 12 ft.	" 19/3	12 ft. by 15 ft.	" 27/6

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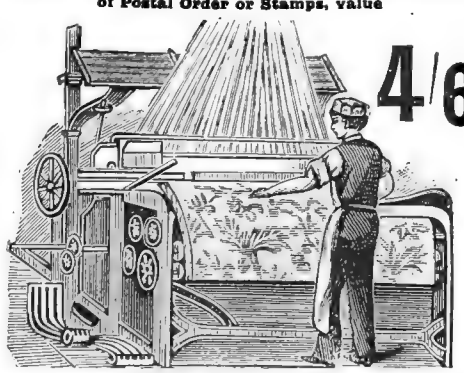

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(Regd.) We will send you an ECLIPSE CARPET, THE LARGEST GENUINE REVERSIBLE CARPET in BRUSSELS PATTERN WITH RUG ever sold at the price, direct from the Looms to any address on receipt of amount. Suitable for drawing-room, dining-room, bedroom, &c., bordered and woven in Brussels patterns, as an advertisement for our goods, thus saving any middle profit. Remember these are woven, and are made of a material almost equal to wool. Thousands of these Carpets have been already sold at double these prices. *[Cut this out.]*

Special Offer—2 CARPETS and 2 RUGS for 8s.

Prodigious Sale of the "Prudential"

TURKEY PATTERN CARPETS (Regd.)

Reversible, woven throughout, bordered, richly blended in several colours to suit any furniture. These goods cannot be distinguished from Real Brussels when laid down, and cannot be excelled in durability.

Size.		Each.	Size.		Each.
6 ft. by 6 ft.	Reduced Sale Price.	2/11	9 ft. by 15 ft.	Reduced Sale Price.	12/6
6 ft. by 7½ ft.		3/11	10½ ft. by 12 ft.		11/6
6 ft. by 9 ft.		4/9	12 ft. by 12 ft.		12/9
7½ ft. by 9 ft.		5/11	12 ft. by 13½ ft.		14/6
9 ft. by 9 ft.		7/3	12 ft. by 15 ft.		15/9
9 ft. by 10½ ft.		8/6	12 ft. by 18 ft.		19/6
9 ft. by 12 ft.		9/6	12 ft. by 21 ft.		22/6

When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

A Reversible "Prudential" Hearthrug (Regd.), to match above Carpets, sent for 1/6 extra, size 2 yds. long and 1 yd. wide. Special Offer—Three Hearthrugs for 4/3, or Six for 8/-, or Twelve for 15/6, sterling value.

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GREAT REDUCTION in price to 9d. per lb. in order to reduce stock, but

QUALITY GOOD AS EVER.

NEARLY 100,000 BEDS ALREADY SOLD

TO THOROUGHLY SATISFIED PURCHASERS.

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THESE BEDS are warranted doubly purified, dusted and perfected in our own extensive factory at Boston, Lincs., made in strong linen bordered tick. The quality, sweetness, and purity of every bed guaranteed. These beds ALWAYS GIVE SATISFACTION, and many thousands of purchasers have sent us flattering testimonials and other orders for beds. Note following prices, *which are 25 per cent. less than our recently advertised prices.*

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Any sized Bed only 9d. per lb., *Carriage Paid* to any station in the United Kingdom. FEATHERS ONLY **9d.** PER LB. The trade supplied. All orders must be accompanied by cheque or P.O.O. (which, as security to purchasers, may be post-dated ten days). Send for samples of Feathers and Ticks, Price Lists, &c., which will be sent *Post Free*, and need not be returned. A great reduction on three or more Beds.

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COMPLAINTS OF THE THROAT, CHEST, LIVER,

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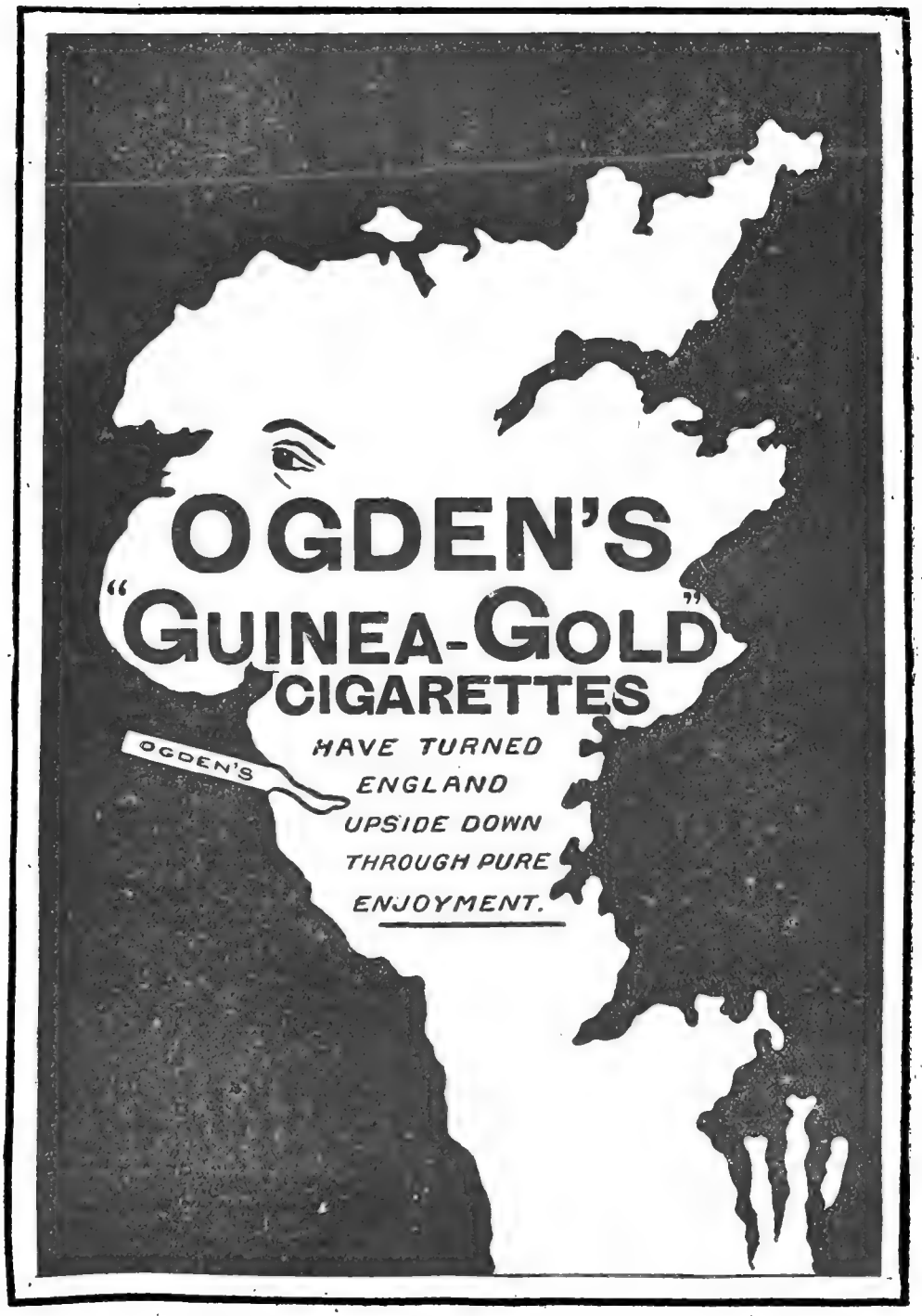

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Sold everywhere in bottles, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

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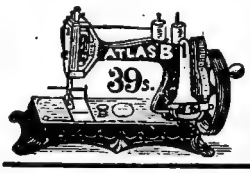

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11/9 UPWARDS, FROM ALL IMPORTANT DRAPERS.

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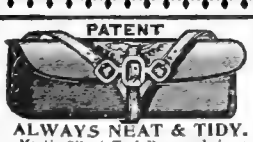

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We guarantee Saddles and Bags for Two Years.

Retailed at all Cycle Depots, and fitted to machines, if so specified, without extra cost.

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SOLID IMPROVED NICKEL SILVER TABLE SPOONS OR FORKS 6/6 PER DOZ. DESSERT DITTO 5/6 PER DOZ. TEA SPOONS 2/3 PER DOZ.

WARRANTED TO WEAR WHITE THROUGHOUT.

SAMPLES OF ANY OF THESE GOODS POST FREE ON APPROVAL

THE WONDERFUL TEA POT.

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OR TEA POT COFFEE POT CHOCOLATE POT CUCARA CREAM COMPLETE FOR 23/6

ELECTRO PLATED WITH REAL SILVER.

Full Size. Strong & Elegant. Hand-Engraved.

SOLID HARD WHITE BONE BEAUTIFUL IVORY FINISH CAST STEEL BLADES TABLE KNIVES 6/- PER DOZ. DESSERT Do 5/6 PER DOZ.

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Half-dozen Supplied Post Paid.

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CHEST DISEASES,

Shortness of Breath,

BLOOD SPITTING.

Those suffering from the above receive POST FREE particulars of my Special Cure, which is not of a TRANSIENT, BUT A TRACEABLE, LASTING EFFECT, not only combating single symptoms, but removing the causes of those diseases. Therefore a

PERMANENT CURE

is assured.

I HAVE TRIED THE TREATMENT ON MYSELF, and have practised it for 18 years on many thousands of Special Cases, with the very best results, and **many Medical Men and many Clergymen** have acknowledged to me that my cure is a successful one.

Officially confirmed letters of thanks testify to surprising successes by patients who have **suffered for 30 years,** and more, though in advanced years—say 70 to 80. Many are cured after having been

GIVEN UP AS INCURABLE.

No interference with daily occupation. Send description of complaint, and mention if you suffer from

COLD FEET.

PAUL WEIDHAAS, Pulmonary Institute,

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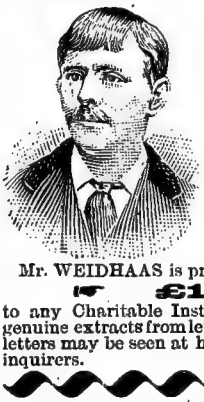
ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS CURED.



"My very best thanks for the attention and for the friendly treatment I have experienced during my cure, after having been confined to my bed for four months with Asthma and Bronchitis, and been given up by doctors as incurable. From one week's end to another I had to sit up in bed and gasp for breath. I got so bad the doctor said I should never get up any more. I placed myself in communication with you, and in a very short time I lost all the traces of Bronchial Asthma. Now, after a whole year's freedom, I am without a sign of the return of the dreaded malady.

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Mr. WEIDHAAS is prepared to pay

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NORRIS'S HORSE-SKIN BOOTS

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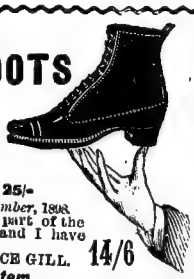
COMFORT, DURABILITY, AND APPEARANCE.



Every pair guaranteed.

Superior qualities, **17/6, 19/6, 21/-, 25/-**

Sunny side, Hereford, *23rd December*, 1898.

The boots supplied in the early part of the year have worn excellently well, and I have certainly never had better value.

E. MAURICE GILL. **14/6**

A Perfect Fit by Post—Our System.

Send old boot for, size, or shape of foot on paper. Cash with order. Price List and Testimonials Post Free. *Write to*

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Prompt Repairs. **Established 1815.**

21/- Carr. Paid. **PEACH'S LACE CURTAINS** **21/- Carr. Paid.**

POPULAR PARCEL. DIRECT FROM THE LOOMS. CARRIAGE PAID 21/-

Lot **125** contains 1 pair 4 yd. **Drawing-room Curtains,** Superb Lacey Design, about 2 yds. wide; 2 handsome pairs alike for **Dining-room,** Copied Real Lace, 3½ yds. long, 60 in. wide; 1 pair 3 yd. Floral **Bedroom Curtains,** 50 in. wide; 1 Lace **Table Cover.**

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Beware of Polishes that set up injurious acids when brought in contact with the metal. They impregnate your cloths with verdigris and spoil your hands.

"SIMPLE TEST."

Dab a small quantity on a penny and leave it overnight. If it sets up acid the surface will become green with verdigris.

"MATCHLESS" METAL POLISH will not turn any metal green, and is therefore free from acid.

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD

METAL POLISH.

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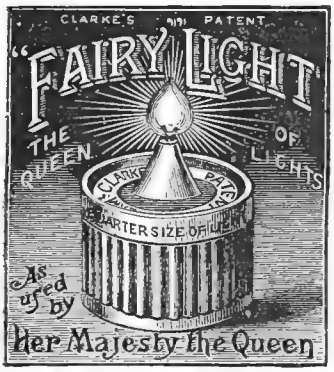
CLARKE'S "FAIRY" & "PYRAMID" LIGHTS



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With double Wicks, in Boxes containing 6 Lights and Glass, burn 10 hours each.

To burn 6 hours, 10 Lights and Glass in box.

CLARKE'S
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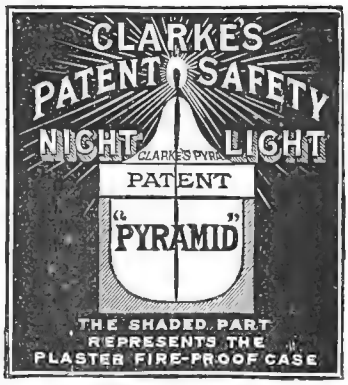

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Single Wicks, burns 9 hours each, in Boxes containing 8 Lights.

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10/6 PATTERNS FREE.

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SOLE MAKERS OF THE 'ALFOSCO' COSTUMES

10/6 PATTERNS FREE.

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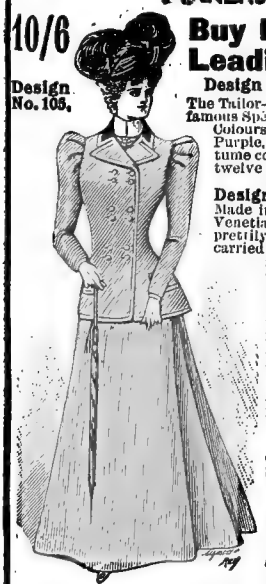

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The Tailor-cut Reefer Coat and Skirt is made in the excellent Venetian Cloth or famous Spécialité Serge, two grand cloths unsurpassed for durability and wear. Colours: Black, Navy, Electric, Blue-Grey, Fawn, Brown, Myrtle, Réséda, Purple, Dark Grey, &c. **Great value for money.** Price only **10/6.** Costume complete carriage 6d. extra. The coat has a velvet collar, and has twelve small pretty buttons down fronts. The skirt is cut full and fashionably. The most up-to-date Costume on the market.

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ALL PATTERNS & PARTICULARS POST FREE.

Regular Stock Sizes of Costumes are 34 36, and 38 in. round bust under arms, the Skirts being 38, 40, and 42 in. long in front. Larger and Special Sizes to customers' own measurements, 1/6 extra. In sending order, please give measurement round bust under arms, waist, and length of skirt in front.

Allen Foster & Co. are offering a Special Line in **LADIES' COSTUME SKIRTS,** in Black and Navy Serge. Lined throughout.
Price only **3/11.** Carriage 6d. extra.

Our New **Illustrated Sketch Book** for the **Spring Season** contains a number of the latest designs of **Costumes, Jackets, and Capes.**

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Design No. 110.

Skirt only 5/6.

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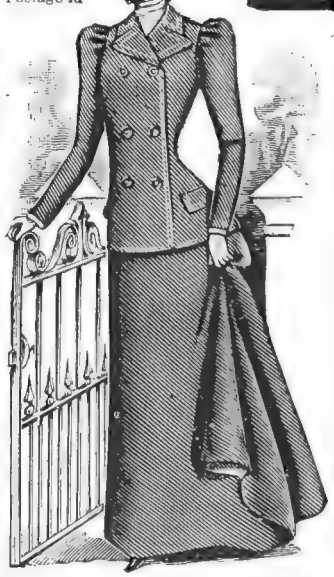
HAT As sketch), Black, Brown, Navy, or Grey, **2/6** Postage 4d

The John Noble HALF GUINEA COSTUMES

SAILOR HAT in Green and White, Cardinal and White, or Black and White, **3/11.** Carriage 4d.



Made to look smart and yield loyal service, promptly sent by Parcel Post direct from the Largest Firm of Costumiers and Mantlemen in the World, the Originators of Half-Guinea Costumes.

PATTERNS SENT POST FREE, Together with the **NEW FASHION CATALOGUE LIST** (84pp. Illustrated) of the two good durable Cloths in which all Costumes are made: **I. John Noble Cheviot Serge,** weighty and weather-resisting. **II. John Noble Costume Coating,** smooth surface, medium weight.

A FULL DRESS LENGTH, (6 yds. 52 in. wide), in either Cloth, **7/6**; carriage 8d. extra.

Colours of all Costumes, Black, Electric, Brown, Ruby, Myrtle, Fawn, Grey, Moss, Sage-Green, Purple.

The Three Sizes in Stock are 34, 36, 38 in. round bust (under arms). Skirts being 38, 40, and 42 in. long in front. Any other sizes can be specially made to measure, **1/6** extra.

MAN-O'-WAR CAP 1/6, carr. 4d.

Model 990.—In the John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating, consisting of smart Reefer Coat and Costume Skirt; the Jacket is tailor-cut and stitched, and finished six large buttons. Price complete, **10/6**; carriage 6d. extra. Skirt only, 5/6; carriage 5d.

Any of these designs or Ladies' own designs can be made up in any kind of Dress Fabric by skilled dressmakers at the most moderate charge.

A box of **1,000 Patterns of New Season Dress Fabrics** lent to select from, and sent carriage free.

Four Famous Fabrics

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Carriage 8d. on each Dress Length.

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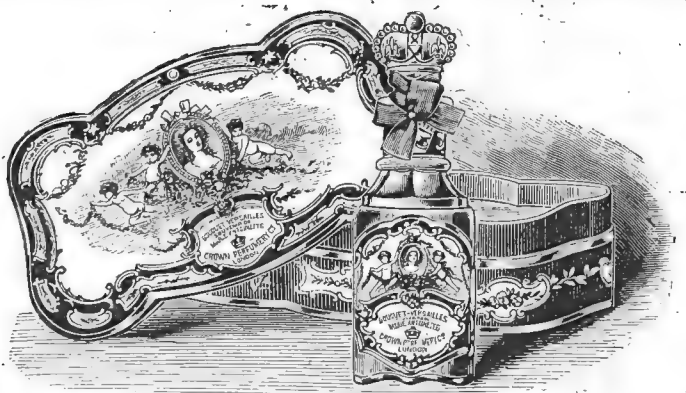

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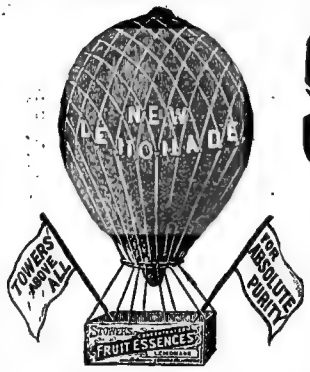

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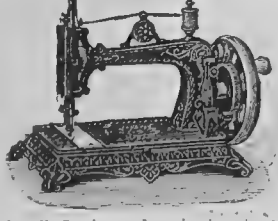

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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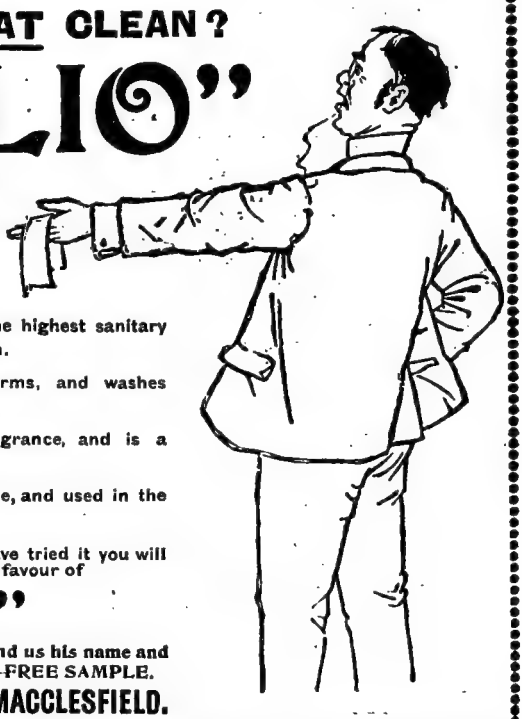

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(See page 489.)

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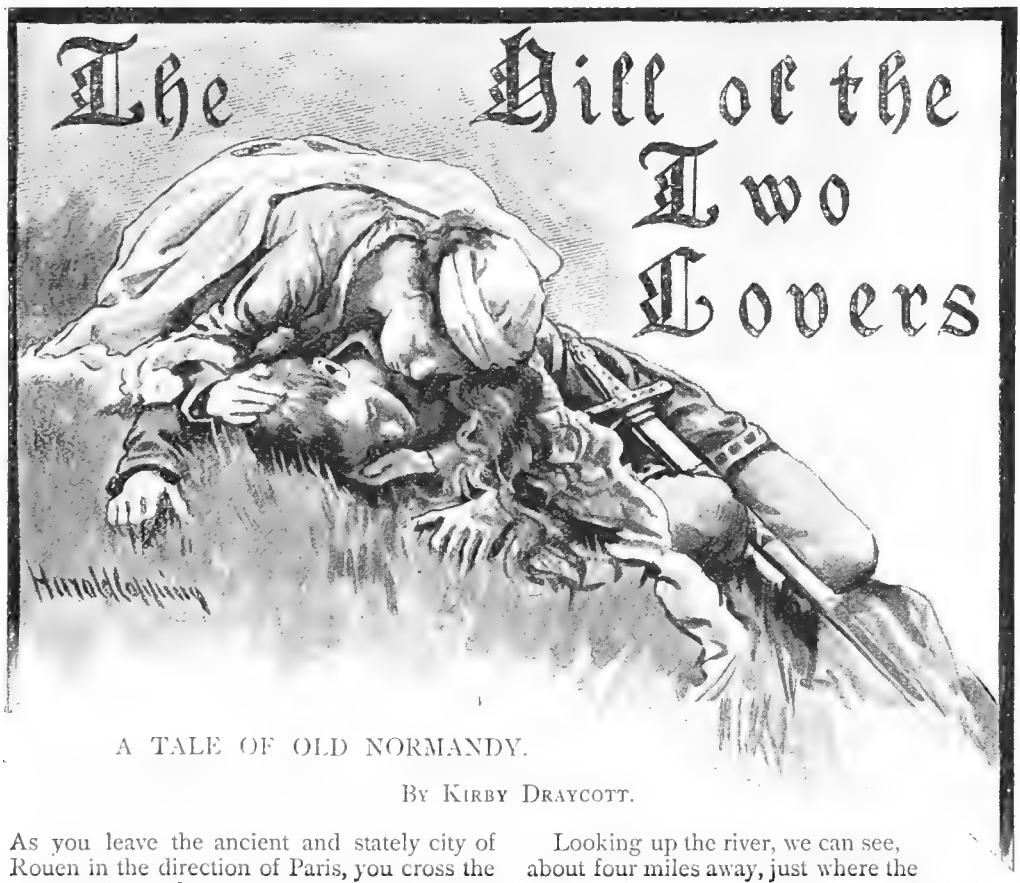

A TALE OF OLD NORMANDY.

By Kirby Draycott.

As you leave the ancient and stately city of Rouen in the direction of Paris, you cross the Seine and run along the river course for some miles, having on your right all that is left of that famous forest of Rouvrai, where, in the old heroic days, the great Duke Rollo, wishing to see whether his people had really laid to heart the laws which he had made for their well-being, hung up his golden chain and bracelets on the trees, and, coming back three years afterwards, found them still where he had put them.

After this you pass by two pretty little Norman villages, stopping at each after the leisurely fashion of French local trains, and then for a third time you stop at the end of a long white stone bridge of seven arches. We will alight here, if it please you, and cross the bridge to the quaint little old-world town which lies at the other end of it, nestling snugly under a little semi-circle of well wooded hills. This is Pont-de-l'Arche, and if we climb one of the hills behind it we shall look upon as goodly a scene of hill and dale, grassland and woodland, and broad fat meadows spreading out on each bank of the curving river, as you could find anywhere in all the fair land of Normandy.

Looking up the river, we can see, about four miles away, just where the Andelle flows into the Seine, a conical hill whose grass covered sides rise very steeply from the triangular plane between the two rivers.

This, the landspeople will tell you, is called "Le Coté des deux Amants," or Hill of the Two Lovers, and what follows here is the true story of how it came to bear a name which tradition has preserved to our own days from those of the Dukes of Normandy.

On the top of the hill, a little back from its brow, there are traces of the ruins of a small building. Further back still, half a mile or so across the plateau which runs back for some considerable distance, are other wider-spread ruins, which are all that is left of the once haughty stronghold of Raoul de Vauray, who, a good many years after the time of our story, died for his sins on the field of Senlac instead of winning the lands of some Saxon lord in England.

One soft moonlit summer's night, a little more than nine hundred years ago, a solitary horseman rode across the narrow bridge over the Andelle, and took a path leading through a little belt of woodland which fringed the

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base of the hill. He rode very slowly along this for about a couple of furlongs, looking about him from side to side as though he expected someone, and towards the end of the second furlong the figure of a man stepped silently out of the wood, and stood in the middle of the path.

"Is't thou, Pierre?" whispered the rider, bending down over his saddle-bow.

"It is, lord, at thy service," came the reply in an equally low tone of caution. "Will it please you to dismount here? It would not be prudent to go further on horseback, and even on foot, my lord, must tread softly and go carefully."

A solitary horseman rode through a little belt of woodland.

The knight had dismounted meanwhile, and, as he stood beside his horse, it was easy to see even in the half darkness of the moonlit wood that he was as tall and strong and shapely a youth as ever a fair lady waited for in a secret tryst. There was nothing in his costume to denote his rank. He was dressed merely as a simple gentleman of the time and his only arms were a light single-handed sword at his hip and a dagger at his girdle.

Yet the man who had taken the bridle of his horse had not addressed him as "Lord" without reason, for this was Norrys de Breval, Count of Rouvrai, who but two years before had come by his father's death into the inheritance of as broad and fair a domain as any in Norman France. Why then should he be approaching the Castle of Vauray in this fashion, like an outlawed bandit or a thief in the night—he as noble a knight and as honourable a gentleman as any who had honestly won favour at the court of Duke Robert, surnamed the Devil?

If there had been no good reason for this, the Hill of the Two Lovers would have remained nameless and undistinguished, and would never have played its part as one of the scenes in that long drama, now comedy and now tragedy, which began when Adam first looked with love on Eve, and will not end until the last kiss of the last man has grown cold on the lips of the last woman.

"Where is it, Pierre?" whispered the knight, as he stroked his horse's nose by way of bidding him good-bye for the present.

"My brother guards the postern gate under the eastern bastion to-night," was the whispered reply. "When the moon makes a straight shadow across the angle, our Lady Arline will come with Mistress Elise to the garden between the inner and outer walls. If my lord knocks thrice on the gate at that time my brother will admit him, and be his guide."

"And his lordship of Vauray?"

"My lord is at present in Rouen," was the reply. "He is there on business concerning the new taxes which the Duke has ordered, and he is the guest of the Worshipful Sieur Joseph Pommeraye, bailiff of the city."

"Who has a son whom he would marry to the daughter of a noble line!" murmured the young knight with a low scornful laugh. "Well, we shall see. And now, Pierre, we have gossiped long enough. Take this for thy kindness to me, and thy faithfulness to thy mistress, and when she is Lady of Rouvrai thou shalt never need to carry weapon or do another hand's turn of work all thy life, unless for thy pleasure."

"And that will be to serve my lord," said Pierre, bowing over the hand which held the clinking purse that de Rouvrai had given him.

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The knight waved his hand and disappeared into the shadows of the wood. Quickly, and yet cautiously, he made his way out of the wood and up the zigzag path, which led round the spur of the hill to the rear of the castle. He kept as far as possible in the shadows and crossed the moonli portions of the path at a run, and so at length he reached the plateau on which the castle stood without being seen from the walls. Then, more cautiously than ever, he made his way towards the eastern bastion and got into the angle, at the bottom of which was the little postern-gate which was just then to him the entrance to a forbidden paradise.

He crept under the wall and leant against it in the deepest part of the shade watching the line of shadow cast by the now bright moonlight from the end wall of the bastion across the angle between it and the next point of the fortifications. It moved very, very slowly, for, as all the world knows, time flies on leaden wings when a lover is waiting. But at last it stretched out fairly across the angle, making a straight line between the two outer points. Then he crept swiftly along the walls towards the gate, drew his dagger and knocked thrice on the thickly-studded oaken door with the hilt, his heart echoing the knocks as he gave them. He heard a stealthy shuffle of footsteps on the other side and then half-smothered voice asking:

"Is is my Lord of Rouvrai who knocks?"

"It is, good Jacot. Open quickly, I pray thee, for I would not be seen here from the walls."

A key turned gently in the well-oiled lock, two well-greased bolts slipped back almost noiselessly, the gate half-opened and Norrys de Rouvrai slipped through. He heard the gate close behind him and while he was waiting for Jacot to come and guide him through the plaisaunce, or garden, which lay between the inner and outer walls, he was startled by the quick tread of armed feet and the rattle of weapons. Instinctively he clapped his hand to the hilt of his sword and turned sharply to find himself confronted by a tall burly form behind which were half a dozen others, which a glance showed him were men-at-arms.

"My Lord of Rouvrai is welcome," laughed a gruff voice, which he recognised as that of André Gaillon, the warden of the castle. "He was expected and so my lord, who is presently absent at Rouen, left orders with me to take a guard of honour and receive him in a fashion suitable to his rank, if not to the manner of his coming, and to offer him the hospitality of the castle until his return."

Before the warden had begun to speak the young knight saw that he had been betrayed and that there was no hope of escape, so he replied with a quiet laugh:

"Well, well, Master Gaillon, since your invitation is so politely pressing, I can but accept it with as good a grace as it is given. Doubtless you have an apartment prepared for me. Lead on, sir. I follow."

He drew his dagger and knocked thrice on the oaken door with the hilt.

II.

For five days Norrys de Breval was lodged in all comfort and treated with all courtesy in a set of apartments in the northern wing of the castle, and yet he could not disguise from himself the fact that he was in reality a prisoner. He was waited on as he would have been in his own castle, and nothing either of meat or drink that he asked for was denied to him. But he was not permitted to pass beyond his apartments except on to an isolated portion of the battlements reserved for his daily exercise. He could learn nothing of the

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doings of the other inhabitants of the castle. The only time that he had mentioned the name of his lady-love, the warden, to whom he had addressed the question, had said curtly:

"My lady is not in the castle, and if she were here, it would be as though she were not here. Doubtless my lord will give you tidings when he comes."

And after that he had not spoken her name again.

The days and nights passed slowly enough for him. He knew that someone must have betrayed him. Whether Pierre or Jacot, he did not know, though he could hardly suspect Pierre, since Arline herself had commended him to his confidence. He felt, too, that there must be something very like falsehood in the warden's words—possibly that sort of half truth that is worse than a lie, but however all this might be, there was nothing for it but to wait until time had cleared up the mystery.

At length, when the afternoon of the fifth day was waning, the warden came to him with a message to say that his lord had returned and awaited his presence in the audience hall. Whatever the summons might mean, it was welcome as ending his suspense, so he rose from his seat and said:

"Master Warden, those are the best tidings you have brought me yet, and as I have not the wherewithal to make any suitable change in my dress I can follow you at once."

The Lord of Vauray was sitting at a table which ran across the top of the hall, with a tall flagon of wine beside him. He was a big, red-haired, red-faced, red-bearded man inclined to corpulency, and his dark-blue eyes deep set under his shaggy red brows, gave a strange expression of fierceness to his countenance. Near him to his right sat a stout, sleek, well-clothed man in fur-trimmed robes and with a chain of gold about his neck.

This was the Sieur Pommeraye, Bailiff of Rouen—a rank which in those days was of great dignity and consideration—and next to him was a tall, handsome youth, but somewhat effeminate-looking, chiefly in consequence of the over richness of his dress and ornaments.

The Lord of Rouvrai at once recognised him as Gaston, the bailiff's son, who had had the presumption to stand against himself as a suitor for the hand of the Lady Arline. Both had flagons of wine before them, and on the other side of the table was an empty chair and a fourth silver flagon.

As de Breval approached the table, the three half rose in their seats and the Lord of the Vaudreuil said with a motion of his hand towards the vacant chair:

"We must ask your pardon for such a tardy welcome, my Lord of Rouvrai. My only excuse is, that when guests arrive unexpectedly, they have small cause for offence if they do not find their host at home. Will you take trouble to be seated and do us the favour to join us in a flagon of wine?"

"My lord," said Breval, ignoring the invitation to be seated, "to be quite truthful with you, I came because I knew you were not at home. From what has happened it is plain you knew I was not altogether unexpected. Doubtless you also know that I came to seek that speech with your daughter, the Lady Arline, which you have so unreasonably and so unjustly denied me. If I have entered your castle more like a bandit than an honest gentleman, that is not my fault but yours. I made no secret of my love, for it was only what a good knight might be proud of. You answered my suit with scorn, you turned me from your doors as though I had been a landless man and a beggar, instead of a knight whose blood is as pure and whose name is as honourable as your own, and this, too, you did, well knowing the answer the Lady Arline had already given me."

As he said this, he looked proudly and scornfully at the bailiff's son, with a note in his voice and a gleam in his eye, which, between two gentlemen, would have meant the settlement of the question by the sword. Gaston returned the look as well as he could, and his father turned to the Lord of the Vaudreuil and murmured something to which his host lent a ready ear. Then de Vauray went on, speaking to his involuntary guest:

"And do you, my lord, know so little of the laws and customs of this land as to forget that the consent of a disobedient child is no better than a refusal. You know well that not even the Duke himself could compel me to add my consent to hers, and that without mine hers is less than nothing. And that consent being withheld, you bribe my servants, you steal into my castle, as you truly say, like a thief in the night, no doubt with intent to steal its dearest treasure. But come, my lord," he added, with a sudden change of tone, "will you not be seated and join us in a cup of wine?"

"I will join *you*, my lord, with pleasure," said de Breval, "but I do not drink with tradesmen, and, therefore, in your lordship's present company I must beg you to hold me excused."

The Sieur Pommeraye had risen to his

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present office from being a trader and a usurer in a small way, and had got his advantage as much by bribery and cunning money-lending as by natural abilities. His son would have been very glad to forget all this, and so the stroke went all the harder home. Gaston sprang to his feet as though he would try to avenge the insult by force, but his father took him by his long, hanging sleeves and drew him back in his chair, murmuring:

"Tut, tut, lad! Wait, wait; we shall have a better answer to him later on.

"Well, well, we will not make any bones about that," replied de Vauray with a laugh that his two guests did not altogether like, "and since you would rather take my answer standing than sitting, and dry than drinking, is that you are an insolent who has defied my lawful authority over my daughter and my ward, and wooed and, perhaps, in lover's language, won her after I had told you that I would have none of you as a husband for her. To this offence you have now added a transgression of the law and entered my house by stealth. For this alone I could hale you before the Duke and take a heavy judgment on you according to his justice. But there is another reason why I should prefer to take my own judgment on you."

"I deny your right!" exclaimed de Breval taking a step forward. "My lord, you forget that I am your peer. While I wear belt and spurs you cannot judge me."

"But if I may be allowed to speak," the

The Lord of Vauray was seated at a table, a man in fur-trimmed robes by his side.

there is no reason why you should not do so."

"And at the same time," interrupted de Breval somewhat angrily, "your lordship may also explain by what right you have kept me, a Noble of Normandy and a loyal vassal of our Lord the Duke, a prisoner here for these five days past."

"Young sir," replied the Lord of the Vaudreuil, speaking for the first time with anger in his voice, "noble though you be, I am ready to answer to the Duke or to anyone else for the safe-keeping of one who entered another man's house as you entered mine. And now to the explanation you ask. You are here for two reasons, the lesser of which

bailiff interposed here, in his soft, smooth voice, "it was not a knight belted and spurred, not the Lord of Rouvrai, who entered the castle five nights ago. It was but a nameless man, an interloper, who, by bribing the warder of the gate to give him entrance without his lord's permission—nay, against his commands—by that act placed himself under the judgment of the Lord of the Castle. So far as I know it, that is the law of the land."

"Well said, Sieur Pommeraye!" laughed the Lord of Vaudreuil. "And now, young sir, having heard the law you may listen to me for a little space longer."

De Breval bowed his head in scornful silence, and de Vauray went on:

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"And now, speaking as to one who has put himself beyond the law, I will tell you the second reason why you are here."

"And that is?"

"Because you are a son of your father and mother," replied de Vandreuil with a savage snarl in his voice, "and more especially because you are the son of your mother. It is well said that there is no hate so deep as that which springs from love, and it was I who first loved her who is still mourning her Lord in the Castle of Rouvrai. But for your father she would have been my wife and the mother of my children. In life he avoided my vengeance, and now death has put him beyond it. But she who long years ago blasted the first hope of my life still lives, and through you, her only son, lies my shortest and surest road to the just payment of my debt. Having trapped you here, my first thought was to hang you like a felon from one of the turrets, so that the shame of your death might go over all the land, but I have consulted since with my good friend the Sieur Pommeraye here, and out of the mercy and justice of his nature he has found a more generous way of dealing with you. I have taken his advice, and this is the choice I put before you.

"You are renowned throughout the countryside for your strength of body. You call yourself the strongest man between here and the sea. You have also in speech with me boasted of the extent of your lands and your wealth inherited from him who robbed me of my dearest treasure. You have said that no other man, gentle or simple, in the Duchy could support my daughter in better state than you. Well, now at sunrise to-morrow we will see how far you can sustain this boast, and that, my lord, is all that I have to say to you at present."

The Lord of Vaudreuil made a motion with his hand, a couple of men-at-arms strode forward from the door, and de Breval, wondering greatly at what these strange words might mean, and yet not deigning to ask for an explanation, turned his back on the table and left the hall between them.

III.

De Breval slept little that night, being tormented with many thoughts and doubts as to what was to happen and whether he would ever win his way alive out of his present quandary, and so he was quite ready to rise when the warden came to wake him about daybreak. While he was dressing a flagon of wine and some bread and meat were brought him and he ate and drank heartily. Then the warden asked him to follow and, no little to his surprise, he was led out of the castle gate and down the hill-side until at length he found himself standing on the level ground at the bottom of that steep ascent which rises nearly a thousand feet above the river beds.

He asked in vain what he had been brought there for, but the only answer that he got was from the warden, and that was:

"If my lord will wait, he will see."

Then presently there came round the other side of the hill the Lord of Vaudreuil with the Sieur Pommeraye and his son, and following them was a litter borne by four men-at-arms.

"Welcome, my Lord," said de Vauray, bowing like the others in mock politeness. "Certain accidents have so far prevented you meeting with the lady whom you came to the castle to see. The delay is to be regretted, but it is now at an end."

While he was speaking the men had put the litter down. He went to it, drew back the hangings, and the next moment de Breval saw him leading the Lady Arline towards him. What passed between the two lovers, even at a distance of several feet, was not a pleasant sight for the bailiff's son, for it was impossible to look upon them and not see that they rejoiced in the sight of each other.

De Breval sprang forward with arms outstretched, but her father strode in front of her and said:

"Not so fast, my lord. My daughter and the heiress of the Vaudreuil is not won as lightly as you would think. You have boasted of your strength and how well you can support her. Let us see now how you can do it. Take her in your arms, carry her to the top of that hill without pausing or resting, and she and all else that I shall leave when I die are yours. Stop, if only for a moment, and I will hang you from the highest turret of the castle as a felon who steals into another man's house by stealth. Come, take your choice. Here is Arline, yonder is the hill, and beyond the turret.

"Do not try, Norrys!" cried Arline, with a terrified look at the steep hillside. "You are brave and strong, but that is impossible for any man to do. Father, you shall let him go free, or by all the Saints I shall slay myself."

"He must choose," said de Vauray coldly and with an ugly smile on his lips. "One of two ways he must go—up the hill with you or to the turret with the warden."

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"There is no choice," cried de Breval, "save one which a true knight could take. Come, my sweet one, and may the Saints give me strength!"

Brushing past de Vauray, he clasped the slight graceful form of his love in his arms, raised her from the ground, and then, as her arms folded lovingly about his neck, he turned, and before all of them, kissed her full on the lips, and Gaston Pommeraye ground his teeth in sullen anger, for he was standing near, and saw that the kiss was returned as warmly as it was given.

Then de Breval turned again, and set himself to such a task as man had never faced before.

"Thou art light as a feather, sweet one!" he whispered in his dear burden's ear.

"I would that I were lighter, for thy sake, dearest," she murmured in reply. "And now, save thy breath, for thou wilt want it."

Those below watched him with eager, curious eyes as he climbed up foot after foot, slowly and steadily, and yet never resting, towards the summit which he dare not look at. Half the way he went with seemingly little effort, and then Gaston said:

"Ah, he slackens. He will not climb much further."

"By the Saints, young sir, you would have fallen dead yourself ere you had got so far on such a journey," snapped de Vauray somewhat angrily, for, like all his race, he held courage and strength the highest of all the virtues, and he already half repented him of what he had done.

Another quarter of the upward way was won, and they could see Arline holding her lover's hair back from his forehead with one hand and with her kerchief in the other wiping the sweat from his face. No doubt, too, she was whispering sweet words of encouragement in his ear, and this thought made her father's rebuke none the less bitter to Gaston.

"By the Saints he will do it!" roared de Vauray, when they seemed to him to be within but a few yards of the top. Then he put his hands to his mouth and shouted up the hillside:

"Stop, de Breval, stop! Put her down ere thy heart breaks. By the Mass, thou art thy mother's son, and thou shalt have her."

But there was a wind blowing across the side of the mountain, and moreover the blood was roaring and singing so in de Breval's brain that he could hear nothing but that. Yet somehow he did hear a soft voice whisper in his ear:

"Courage, dearest, only a few feet more, and thou hast won the top and me."

He raised his head and dimly saw a dozen feet above him, the straight edge which marked the top of the hill. His steps were slow and stumbling now, his brain was swimming and his eyes were dim, but all the life left in him was still devoted to the fulfilment of his task. Inch by inch and foot by foot they rose, and at last Arline, looking over the ridge, saw the castle clear before her.

"At last, thank God, and all His holy saints! The top, dear love, the top. Quick, put me down! Surely thou hast borne me far enough. Alas, how heavy a love-burden have I been!"

He stopped with both feet on the ridge and murmured something which sounded to her ears like: "Dear love!" Then she felt herself flung forward to the ground out of his arms and when she rose, half dazed to her feet, she saw him lying prone, face downwards on the grass, with a thick stream of blood trickling from between his lips. With a low, choking scream she flung herself upon him and kissed him, unheeding the blood, then she raised one of his arms but it was heavy and lifeless, and when she let it go it dropped back on to the ground and laid there nerveless and still.

"By the Holy Virgin, they have killed thee, my gallant love!" she cried, springing to her feet in a frenzy of sorrow. "But what maiden having been blessed by love like thine would give herself to another? I am my father's daughter but I am not base enough for that."

So saying, she stooped and snatched her lover's dagger from its sheath. Her father was already more than half way up the hill, supported on both sides by a stalwart man-at-arms and thrust up from behind by another. She stood motionless with the dagger behind her till he gained the summit. Then with her left hand she pointed to de Breval's body and the blood on the grass, and said in a voice of horrid calmness:

"See, my father, how gallant a man thou hast sent to death for love of me. Now what can I, who love him still, do but this?"

The Lord of Vaudreuil, breathless already, stumbled forward shouting incoherent words to the men-at-arms, but before any of them reached her, her right hand went up above her head and fell with a swift, true stroke, the dagger blade sank deep into her heart, and without a cry she fell prone across her lover's body.

Her father stared at her in dazed silence for a full minute, or perhaps two. Then,

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with a low, savage cry, such as a sorely-wounded wild beast might utter, he turned to the three men-at-arms, and as soon as he could shape coherent words he shouted:

"By the Holy Rood, those who put this evil into my mind shall pay for it, even though it bring the army of the Duke under the castle walls. Two of you go down and fetch that fat shopkeeper and his son up here. You, Rolf, go to the Castle and bid the carpenter set about making two gibbets instantly."

The men departed with all haste, for when the Lord of Vaudreuil was in such a mood as this it was not safe to dally in the execution of his commands.

The Sieur de Pommeraye and his son were laid hold of and dragged and pushed with little ceremony up the hill, up which they had so lately seen Norrys de Breval climbing under his love-burden, until breathless, and with knees shaking under them, they faced de Vaudreuil.

He pointed to the two bodies, still lying as they had fallen, and said:

"Here is the work you have made me do by your vile cunning. To my life's end I shall pay in sorrow and penance for listening to the words of a base-born huckster and for thinking of polluting my own blood by mingling it with his. But, moreover, there are two lives here to be paid for, and so far as yours can discharge the debt they shall do it. Your gibbets are even now being made, and the priest shall shrive you within this hour."

Then, leaving them both on their knees praying for mercy, he walked in silent and bitter sorrow back to the Castle.

So it came about that before noon a gibbet was put up on either side of the spot on which the two lovers still lay, and from them the Sieur de Pommeraye and his son looked their last upon the work which, but for the mean cunning of their counsel, would never have been done.

Without a cry she fell prone across her lover's body.

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Photo by E. T. Sheaf.

THE ART OF THE CAMERA

By Roderick Grey.

Photographing Noises.

The notion of photographing sound seems unique. Nevertheless, Professor Webster, of Clark University, has succeeded in recording and measuring by photography all sorts of noises, from the roar of an explosion to sounds so low that the ear of the human body finds it impossible to detect them. This device has proved that there is no such thing as absolute silence in the ordinary acceptance of the term. What men are pleased to call silence includes all manner of noises below the limit at which the human ear will register sound. Silence, in fact, is really full of sounds that pass unnoticed except for a delicate perception such as that possessed by Professor Webster's apparatus. In other words, silence is comparative and not positive. There are probably few sounds that can escape this new invention, for its maker has proved that with it he can detect and photograph the noise made by a draught of air passing through a room.

The mechanism by which Professor Webster's machine records sound, ready for measurement, is very simple. It consists of a box containing a globe-shaped resonator, inside of which is a diaphragm which is extremely sensitive, being made of very thin glass. The slightest sound will cause this diaphragm to vibrate. The phenomena arising between this diaphragm and another reflecting surface are recorded photographically or can be projected on a screen, and in this manner some surprising results were shown. Thus the vibrations produced by a tuning fork were shown in the form of very regular waves across a screen. Some vowel sounds projected into a receiver were depicted in a very irregular waving line, showing that it is impossible for any person to hold the voice evenly whilst pronouncing a letter or word. This is a point for musicians and singers generally to ponder over.

A draught in the room produced an effect which resulted in a series of rather irregular curves, having a downward trend. Silence manifested itself in a series of very fine waving lines. Ability to hear or see silence might occasion, as I have suggested, some surprise, but the record proved that there were sounds in the atmosphere which the human ear could not detect. Lord Rayleigh determined experimentally that we are capable of hearing sounds of an intensity of less than one millionth of an atmosphere. Some idea of the capabilities of the new instrument may be gained from the fact that the little mirror mentioned above will move backwards and forwards, over even so slight a disturbance as the millionth of an inch. The machine will no doubt prove of great scientific value. The sound of a whistling buoy one and a quarter miles away was easily recorded. The pitch of this sound and the distance away were determined by the instrument, which suggests the question of its utility on vessels. If the sounds made on a vessel could be recorded on other vessels carrying such an apparatus, the probability of collisions would be greatly lessened.

Revolutionised by Photography.

Some little while ago I made a reference to the marvellous achievements likely to be demonstrated at the Paris Exhibition by a new weaving machine. This machine is to be constructed on the principle of a coin-in-the-slot affair, and will be more of a toy or curiosity than a commercial apparatus, so far, at any rate, as the slot phase of it is concerned.

The improvements it contains in that portion of weaving which is included in preparing

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the pattern or design are of course applicable on a commercial scale to all weaving. The revolution in the weaving industry which will result may be judged by the marvellous exhibition recently given by the inventor before the Emperor of Austria at Vienna.

Herr Jan Szczepanik, who is quite a young man, presented the Emperor with the first web produced by means of his new photographic process. The silk-woven Gobelin is made from a picture by Henryk Rauchinger. It is about two square mètres in size, and gives an allegorical representation of homage to the Emperor. The work contains 200,000,000 crossings, 120 silk threads filling one centimètre. Two hundred square métres of pasteboard cards would have been necessary to produce this web according to the present method, and designers would have required many *years* to carry out the work. Now the designer is abolished, and the work was done in five *hours*.

I am not surprised to learn that the Emperor was struck not only by the marvellous plasticity and delicacy of the picture, which nobody would believe to be woven, but by the extraordinary improvement in weaving which the machine seemed unquestionably to effect. There can be little doubt but that an invention which substitutes hours for years in a process must become universal in the industry it deals with unless or until it is still further improved upon.

Photo by Lamyette.

A Maid of Rome.

Sir John Herschel.

Photography owes a vast deal more to Sir John Herschel than is popularly supposed. As a matter of fact it may be said that the familiar terms of "positive" and "negative" as applied to photography originated with him. As far back as 1840 he contributed a paper to the Royal Society wherein are to be found the most important of the researches he made on the subject of photography.

I read not long ago a decidedly interesting anecdote of this great scientist and astronomer, the son of an even more famous man. He was by no means devoid of humour, and on one occasion, whilst in the drawing room, he suddenly asked the assembled company the following question:—

"If one human pair, living in the time of Cheops, had doubled, and their descendants likewise, once every thirty years, had done

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Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

A TYPE OF BEAUTY.

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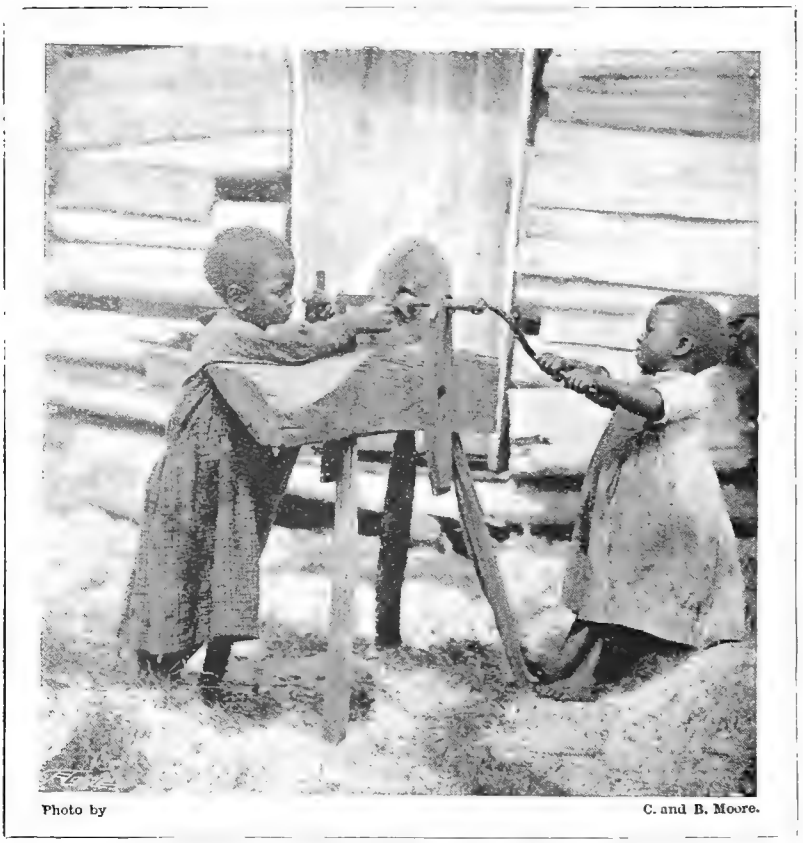

Photo by C. and B. Moore.

In Mischief.

the same could the resulting population find room on the earth?" The company generally thought not. "But if they stood side by side packed closely, and others stood on their shoulders, men, women, and children how many layers would there be?" asked Sir John. "Perhaps three," said Miss Mitchell. "How many feet of men would there be? How far from the earth's surface would they stretch?" he insisted. "Possibly thirty," ventured Miss Mitchell. "Enough to reach to the moon," guessed his daughter. "To the sun," exclaimed another. "More, more!" cried Sir John, exulting in the general astonishment. "To Neptune," was the next bid. "Now, you burn," he allowed. "Take one hundred times the distance of Neptune and it is very near. That," he added, "is my way of whitewashing war, pestilence, and famine."

State-Aided Photography.

We are constantly hearing that in almost every path of science and commerce the Germans are outpacing the English. Unfortunately there is considerable truth in this, and it is not difficult to discover the reason.

The great manufacturing industries of Germany owe such excellency as they possess to the splendid opportunities which are afforded the young German for acquiring a thorough technical knowledge of the business to which he intends to devote his life. The same, in an even higher degree, applies also to science. In the German universities every encouragement is given, every effort is made towards the development of the young investigator. Later on in life, as men, these scientists are urged on in their path of successful investigation by the reward of being acknowledged as amongst the most intellectual in the nation. So much so is this, that sometimes people are apt to sneer at the Germans as being a race of professors.

It may be. But whether or no, the fact remains that, as a result of such wise policy, Germany leads the world in the value of the contributions to human knowledge which her students make. What applies to science

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Photo by T. Lee Syms.

CUPBOARD LOVE.

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generally is equally true of photography in particular. Here in England it is carried on as an amusement, or as a profession in an individualistic and desultory way. In Germany, and even in Austria, the State has founded great establishments where photography is treated as a science, and where the most profound researches may be carried out. Every facility is offered for carrying on photography scientifically and systematically. In England there is nothing of the sort; and until there is, Englishmen will have to content themselves with looking abroad for new developments and new discoveries in the science and art of photography.

Photo by Lallie Garet-Charle

Faces in the Firelight.

Photographing the Heavens.

I have been reading a distinctly interesting account of some remarks made at the last congress of learned societies by Lieut.-Colonel Moessard upon the application of photography to the study of the apparent movements and relative positions of the stars. A simple photographic apparatus enables one to make, in a very few days, a collection of most interesting observations.

The principle of the method is most simple. The camera is focussed for very distant objects, and pointed at a definite part of the heavens. The stars which fill this region impress the representation of their path upon the plate.

The method is equally applicable to the moon, planets, stars, and sun. As regards the moon, any objective can be used, or even a simple pinhole; the use of this latter presents the advantage of including a very extensive field of observation, and gives a result which is in correct projection. The track given by the moon is a ribbon, more or less wide, according to the length of the

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Photo by Lallie-Garot Clarke.

"I'M GOING A MARKETING, SIR," SHE SAID.

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Photo by Elliott & Fry.

MISS IRENE VANBRUGH

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camera and the moon's apparent diameter and phase. If at regular intervals, every hour, or every two hours, we interrupt the action by covering the lens for one or two minutes, the curve obtained will present corresponding interruptions, which will allow of its graduation according to time. In operating thus, we make the camera a simple register. These periodical closings can be produced automatically by a clockwork movement suitably arranged. There is, of course, no necessity to elaborate the apparatus to this extent.

The camera may be left for several nights in succession, by taking care to cover the lens during the daytime. Different tracks will thus be obtained according to the position of the moon in relation to the equator. By interrupting the experiment each night at midnight, for about three minutes, uncovering the lens for one or two seconds, and again covering it for about three minutes, we get an image giving the phase of the moon. The line joining these images is no other than the graphic representation of the apparent movement of the body.

As regards the stars, they will each show a narrow line, naturally the brighter the star the clearer and more definite will be the mark.

If we have been careful to set the camera in such a manner that its axis is directed towards the pole, the plate is parallel to the equator, and the paths of the stars are concentric circles, having for their centres the position of the pole. The path of the polar star, whose speed is slow, will be marked by a very brilliant circle.

On leaving the apparatus for several succeeding nights, we shall find upon the plate traces of bodies which would not have been able to impress themselves during a single night. The paths of the planets register themselves at the same time as the moon and stars. Venus and Jupiter lend themselves exceedingly well to these observations.

For the sun it is better to replace the lens by a tiny opening furnished in a very light shutter. In order to inscribe its track, it is necessary to make several successive exposures.

Photo by T. Lee Syms.

The New Pets.

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JESTING WITH DEATH.

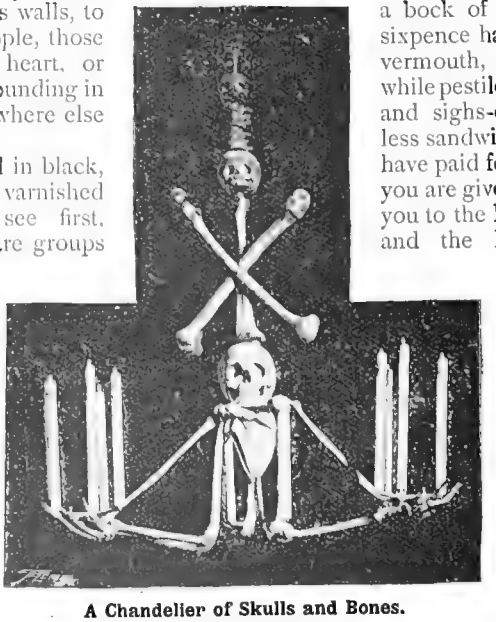
By Ellsworth Douglass.

Illustrated with Photographs by Lancelot Bayly.

"Welcome, O weary wanderer, to the realm of death! Enter! Choose your coffin, and be seated beside it!"

If you are seeing the night sights of Paris, sooner or later you will be taken to a certain cabaret, and the moment you pass its black portals you will hear these startling exclamations. And woe to the visitor who is touchy, thin-skinned, or squeamish, who holds death in awe, or who understands French too well! The proprietor (who may be seen in a monk's robe) has taken the trouble, by means of public notices on his walls, to beg impressionable people, those with affections of the heart, or having an insufficient grounding in philosophy, to go somewhere else to drink.

A low room, shrouded in black, and filled with tarnished, varnished coffins, is what you see first. Gathered about these are groups of Parisian triflers and curious travellers, drinking their *consommations* from the coffin-tops. You must find a seat by one, and you must order some refreshment, whether you consume it or not. You must also be willing to pass over the jokes and gibes of the proprietor, his attendants, and your neighbours, which they are sure to crack at your expense. If you are asked to fill the glass of the grinning skeleton next to you do it cheerfully, and you may even offer him a light for the cigarette which he has in his other hand, or a bit of tobacco to fill the bowl of the clay pipe he holds between his gibbering teeth!



A Chandelier of Skulls and Bones.

Before you have been seated long, a waiter, robed and cowled in black, comes to ask you in lugubrious tones whether you will have arsenic, cholera, the pestilence, or merely some fresh sighs-of-the-dying! When in doubt, order strychnine. And if you are thirsty, drink it! People have been known to take it with pleasure and survive it, for that term is merely local slang for a bock of lager, which costs but sixpence ha'penny. If you prefer vermouth, you order cholera; while pestilence stands for absinthe, and sighs-of-the-dying are harmless sandwiches! As soon as you have paid for a malady or a poison, you are given a ticket which admits you to the Room of Disintegration and the Hall of Spectres and Phantoms. The whole may be seen on a strychnine diet for 65 centimes.

An attendant has now mounted a stool to call the attention of the company to the queer pictures on the walls of this room. They are all innocent enough to begin with, but the figures have a queer way of dying before your eyes. The first represents Pierrot on a house-top in a serenade to the moon. Young, handsome and gay he is, but by a sudden illumination of electric lights behind the canvas, the

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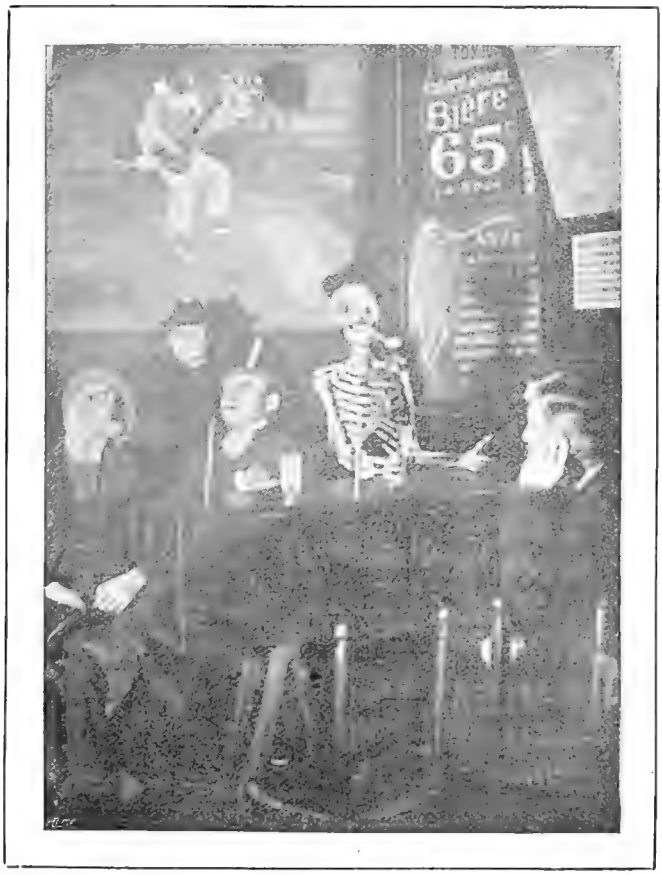
colouring laid on thinnest is no longer seen and it has become a Serenade to Death. The hatch in the roof has turned to a tombstone and the chimney-tops beyond, to crosses.

The next picture shows the Heights of Montmartre, with the new cathedral in dim outline. In the foreground are editors, bankers, actors, theatre-directors, all in a heated argument of some sort. Then the lights behind melt out all the life from the picture, and leave a group of wildly gesticulating skeletons, while Montmartre has turned to fairies, and we see that old Father Time himself is dead. This picture reminds one of Carlyle's conceit in "Sartor Resartus," where he sees pontiffs in their resplendent robes, dignitaries in their stately trappings, ill-clad underlings, judges in wig and gown, pompous bailiffs, and ragged criminals, and points out how clothes make the man. Then suddenly he sees the clothes fall from them, and behold they are all like one another! These pictures have a Rontgen-ray way about them, which melts not only the clothing but also the flesh out of sight.



The First Room You Enter.

It is a low room, shrouded in black, and filled with varnished coffins, on which are served the drinks you may order. Each drink is given an extraordinary name, such as strychnine for lager beer, cholera for vermouth, pestilence for absinthe, whilst sighs-of-the-dying stands for sandwiches.

Whether the designer of the pictures had Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" in mind or not, he has at least called upon two great writers to lend their support to the fundamental idea of this *café*. On one wall is Shakespeare's celebrated query; "To be, or not to be?" whilst on another is Schopenhauer's dictum: "Life is a folly which death repairs!" Even Death itself is called upon to give light on the subject, for in the middle of the room is a chandelier made wholly of human bones and skulls, as shown in our photograph.

But there is another picture yet to be seen. It represents the gay frivolity of a hall in Montmartre. The acme of contrast is reached when the orchestra, the dancing students, the frolicking girls, and everything in the rowdy picture turns to grinning, capering skeletons. The rosettes around the orchestra stand changed to gaping skulls, and the huge arms of the old mill itself turn to a counterfeit of the human framework.

Enough of this sort! Having consumed your strychnine, you are now ready to push through the subterranean passages to the Room of Disintegration, where, if you wish, you may test how it feels to have your flesh melt and your bones dry and wither to a skeleton, and then to have your very elementary framework crumble to dust and disappear entirely. If you do not care to undergo this experience personally, you will, at least, see it happen to some one else and before your very eyes.

You have been ushered through a narrow, black passage to a second sombre room,

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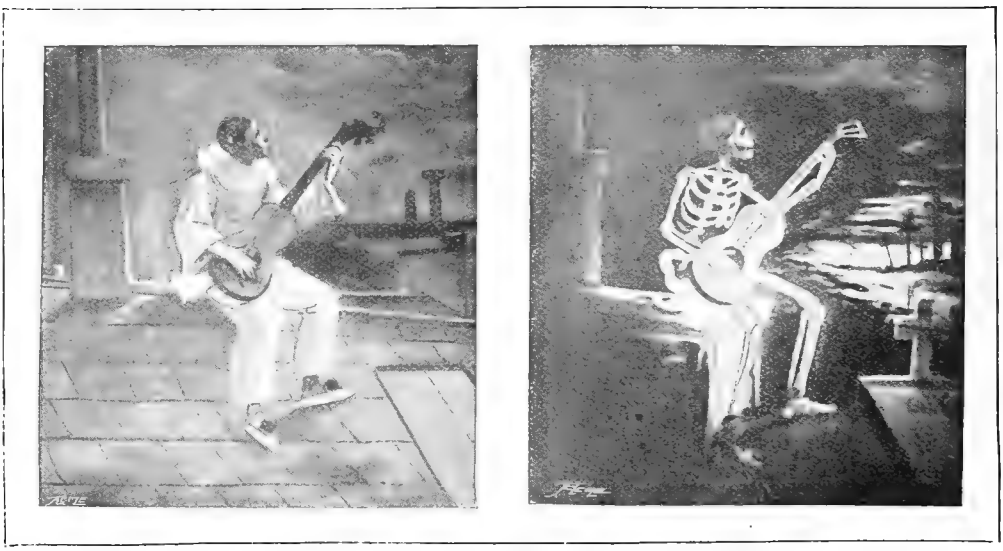
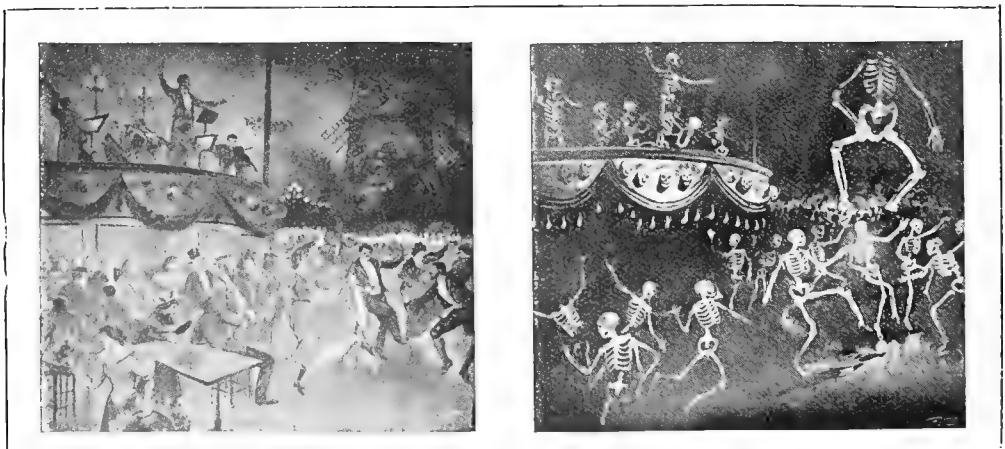


Pierrot's Serenade.

Pierrot is seen seated on a roof-top singing in the moonlight. The sudden lighting of lamps behind the picture conver s it at once into Death seated on a tombstone chanting a dirge.

where you find a seat on one of the benches. If you wish to see the ghastly illusion at its best, find a seat as near the middle as possible; but if you would avoid it, take the end of a bench and turn your gaze to the side walls. A monk sits in front of a wheezy little organ and commands the attendant, who is dressed as an executioner, to take the top off the 'domino-box.' Obeying he uncovers a coffin which stands on end inside a little niche in the wall. Then the monk addresses us:—

"Beloved Macabres, you have at last arrived at that point in your careers where you are to leave your souls behind you. While we must require this, yet we are willing that you should be a witness to the process. Is there anyone in this company so sick of existence that he will take his place in the domino-box and undergo immediate disintegration? Have no fear! It is not only perfectly painless, but it is the only real state of happiness."



The Dance.

The gaiety of a dance at Montmartre is transformed in an instant to a dance of death with an orchestra of skeletons.

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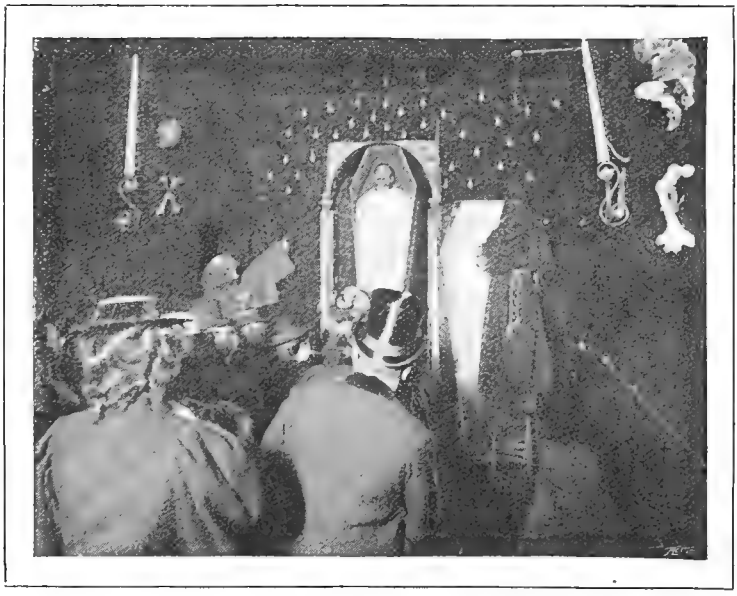
Thus exhorted, a young man rises from the benches to try the experiment, and the monk cries out to him:

"Bid your friends an eternal farewell! Compose yourself and think on higher things. Now step into the wooden overcoat, please. It could not fit you better had it been made to measure! Now the shroud, please! Cover him with it, all but the face. Are you prepared? Die then!"

The creaky organ begins a creepy funeral march; the light in the room is faint but is strongest on the man in the coffin. It pales a little and his face turns a sickly green.

"He perishes! May he rest in peace!" cries the monk, and the organ groans louder. Some women look away when the man's teeth begin to show through his lips. Then his jaw bones show through his drawn cheeks and finally his whole skeleton is seen through the white shroud. Little by little the process goes on, as the lights upon him grow dimmer, until finally he has melted away before our eyes and only the grim skeleton remains in the box.



The Room of Disintegration.

It is here the illusion is shown of a man placing himself in a coffin and turning into a skeleton and then disappearing.

But it does not end there. The skeleton itself seems gradually to fade, its gaunt outlines melt and it becomes a mere shadowy suggestion of the human framework; and presently the last vestige of it vanishes, and the coffin, which has been all the time in our full view, is now perfectly empty!

"Behold annihilation! Weep not. He is in another world," exclaims the monk, which is the cue for the young man to walk out from the hazy darkness in the rear of the room and resume his seat by his friends.

"They've turned him out!" is the monk's exclamation. "Would some one else like to try?"

The Cabaret takes its name from this illusion of melting into nothing. The trick, for, of course, it is only a mere trick, is cleverly done, and depends on a gradual dimming of the direct light on the man in the coffin and the gradual strengthening of the light by which a reflection of a skeleton is thrown into the same place. As the reflection grows stronger, the image of the skeleton mixes with that of the man, and finally replaces it altogether. So well are the lights managed that the man can be taken out of the back of the coffin without the operation being detected. He is held in the darkest corner of the room until the skeleton has faded away, and then the coffin is seen this time untenanted by the man or the reflection. As all such illusions depend upon the deft use of faint lights, they are very difficult to photograph, yet the three pictures we are able to give suggest some idea of how this decidedly nerve-trying spectacle is done.

When it is over, a procession of attendants, dressed as monks and mourners, files into the room, and we are told that they will conduct us into the Hall of Spectres and Phantoms. By a narrow, circuitous way we are led farther back into the building to a room which represents a funeral vault with the roof taken off. A good photograph of

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The Illusion.

A man is placed in the coffin and covered, with the exception of his face, with a white shroud. By means of skilfully contrived lights a skeleton gradually appears over and in place of the man. Finally, when the skeleton disappears, it is found that the man has vanished, or, rather, that he has resumed his seat amidst the audience.

the procession of mourners is seen in the illustration. In the Hall of Spectres we find seats on benches to witness a number of illusions.

A little grotto in the wall of the tomb in front affords an opening for the miniature stage. At either side of the opening are lanterns held by skeletons, as may be seen in our last illustration. A man from the audience is asked to take a seat on the stage. If you wish to be made the butt of all manner of jokes going, accept the invitation. You are placed a little to the left of the middle of the opening, and everything which appears in the other half of the opening is a mirror-reflection from some hidden quarter. The grinning girl with her finger on the table in the last illustration is not really there, but is merely a reflection. That is where the joke on you comes in. You see nothing in the vacant space, whilst the audience sees a girl grinning at you, ogling you, and trying to flirt with you. The spectators laugh uproariously, while you shift uneasily in your chair and wonder what it is all about.

Procession of Mourners.

A procession of monks and mourners leads the way to the Hall of Spectres and Phantoms.

Then a bouquet appears on a table beside you, and you are invited to drink in its per-

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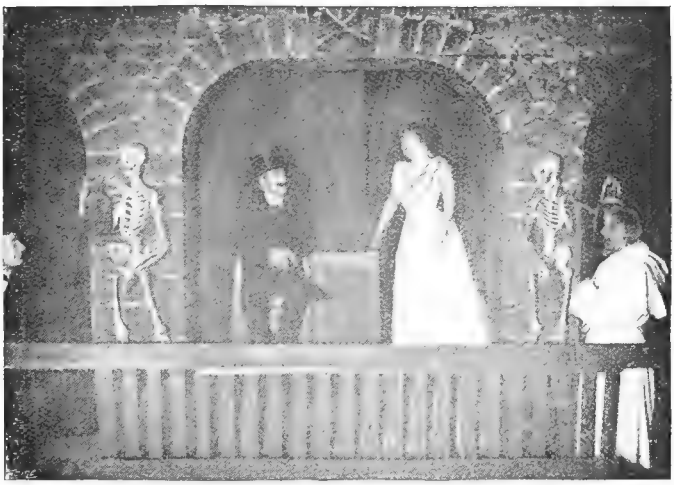
fume. You see no bouquet, but you bend your head as if to smell it, and keep on doing so, determined to act your part well. The crowd roars with laughter, for the bouquet has changed in a flash to a dead rabbit, which you seem to enjoy equally well. But you have earned your release, and you are no wiser as to what was done or how it was accomplished.

Next a lady from the audience is asked to come up on the stage. A girl has been placed in front by the management to accept the challenge, and, after a due amount of hesitation, she steps up on to the stage. As she takes the chair, the attendant addresses her after this fashion:

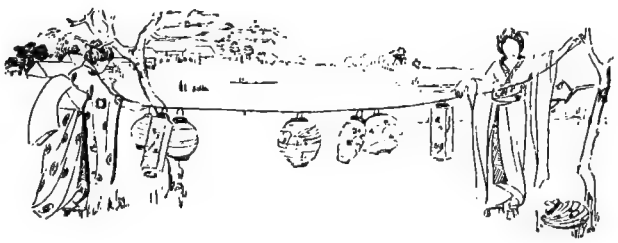


The Phantom Girl.

The amusing part of this portion of the entertainment is that the man is quite unaware of the presence of the woman. She is, of course, merely a reflection.

"Now, my daughter, what do you desire above everything else? Do not be shy, tell me. How would a fine new dress do? That one you are wearing seems rather plain and shabby, doesn't it? In fact, I am surprised that you should take such a prominent position as this before the public in such an unbecoming dress. Come, shall I change it for you? Don't be shy, it can all be done for you in a twinkling. Shall I order a fine new silk or satin wholly at our expense? There you are!" With a flash of the light he has thrown the reflection of a light satin evening dress over her plain black, so that she appears suddenly clothed quite differently. With this the entire performance usually comes to a close.

On the whole the place is essentially Parisian, and must not be taken too seriously. The proprietor does not seem to care so much for making money out of his customers as for making fun of them. What he delights in is joking at, and even shocking, his visitors. This he generally succeeds in doing, at all events in the case of the unforwarned stranger.



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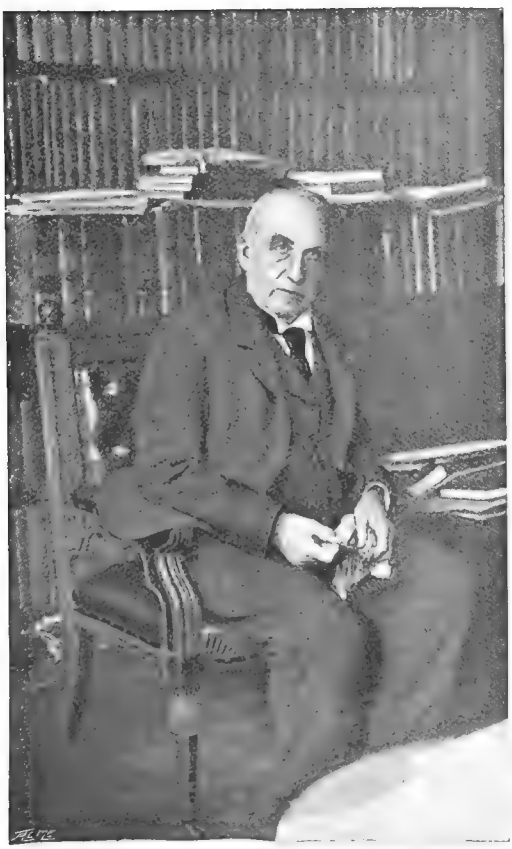
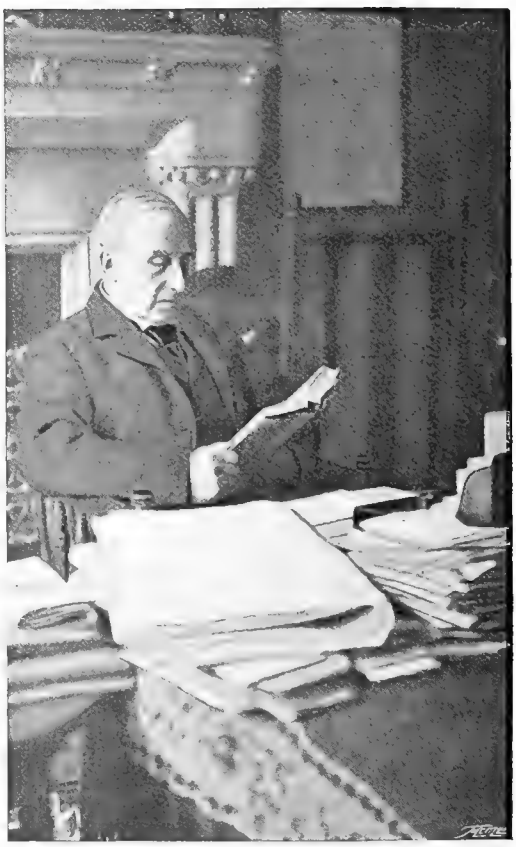
LORD RUSSELL OF KILOWEN.

(LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND)



Well, what can I do for you?



You must excuse my reading. I have an important judgment to deliver this morning.

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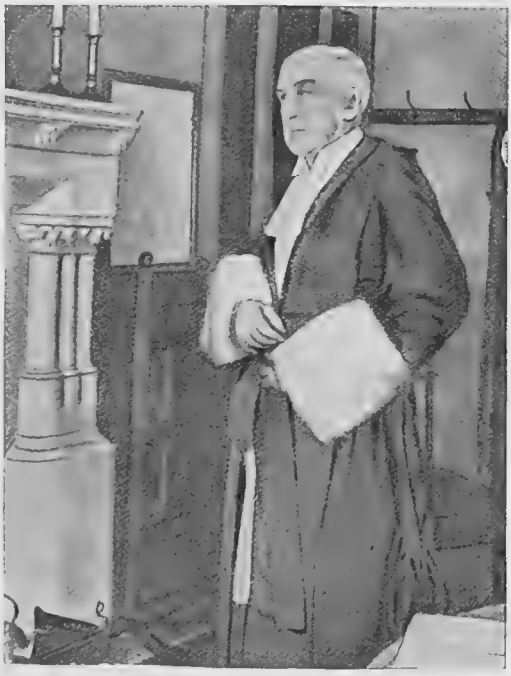
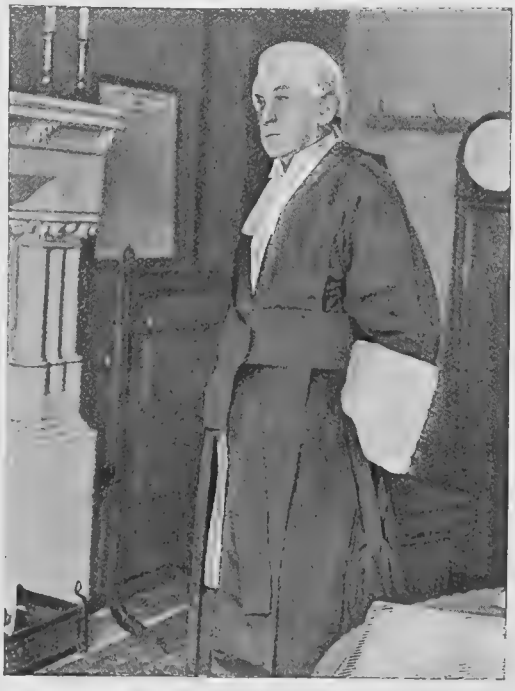


I'm sorry I cannot give you more time, but I must be in court in a few minutes.

A photo of me in my robes! Well, be quick.

What, another!



Now really I must be off into court. Good-day.

Snapshots by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

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A Bold Stroke in Diplomacy

By Athol. Forbes.

"I always regard diplomatists as the great whist players of the world, and, therefore, as the men who get the greatest pleasure out of life. It must add a zest to one's existence, too, the thought that one is playing with living cards, real men and women, real kings and queens."

"You must not forget the real knaves," laughingly responded the ex-ambassador to the remarks of our worthy host, Sir Charles Hope, "you can always reckon on a fair number of those cards in your hand."

"What do you regard as trumps in the game?" I put in.

"Import duties were once regarded as good trumps, they still are good in the hands of our adversaries, but since the advent of Free Trade we have nothing left but ultimatums."

There was a loud cough and "A'hem!" from a Radical M.P. who formed one of the house party, and Sir Charles was about to turn the drift of the conversation; but I saw that the ex-ambassador was inclined to be talkative, so I put in my oar again.

"The life of a diplomatist must be very exciting, sir," I ventured.

"It is, indeed. Only men of the strongest mental and physical constitutions can stand it. There is always the horrible nightmare of losing the odd trick, and the consequent disgrace. Then, too, when a Radical Government——"

"Try one of these," interrupted our host, handing over a box of cigars, while the Radical M.P. muttered something about diplomatists being the Hebrews of statecraft.

"And the one who holds the most trump cards wins I suppose," was my next venture to help Sir Charles, who feared an explosion from the ex-ambassador in reply to the Radical M.P.

"Not necessarily, my young friend. There is in most games such a thing as bluff, and bluff is carried to a fine art in diplomacy. The greatest statesmen are always said to be those whose foreign policy has been a bold one, and as far as my experience goes, boldness pays. No country is really anxious for war, and only England can afford, or dare go to war; therefore England can play the game of bluff now in a way she never could before. I always found that, acting on this, one was seldom far out."

At this part of the conversation, the Radical M.P. manifestly softened, and seemed inclined to agree with the speaker.

"Of course, your opponents never know how far your game is really supported by your home Government, thank heavens, or when the Radical party is at the head of things——"

"If you find that cigar rather strong for you, I can give you a milder one," said Sir Charles at this turn in the conversation.

"I thank you. This is just right for me—excellent condition. Ah! now, where was I?" mused the old statesman.

"You were saying that a bold front often wins the game."

"Yes, yes. Sometimes you give away a small point in order to win a more important

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one. You will allow yourself to be beaten on a minor question, so that you can represent that your nation is so roused at your defeat, that you must insist upon something, which perhaps in all fairness, is not due to you. The country roused, is as good almost as a mobilization of the Flying Squadron."

This called forth so hearty a laugh, that the Radical M.P. was constrained to join in it.

"I remember scoring at the very beginning of my career. The actual question at issue was unimportant, and did not affect the interests of my country in the remotest degree. The real cause of satisfaction to me was that I accomplished what all the representatives of all the Great Powers combined could not bring about, and it was all for a lady, whom I had never in my life seen or heard of before."

At this, there was a general gravitation of chairs towards that of His Excellency, and two men of the party came and stood behind him, as there was no more space for seats.

"First of all, permit me," said the ex-ambassador, as he bent over and helped himself.

"It was in Madrid," commenced His Excellency, "about the middle of the century, and Spain was in a very unsettled condition. I had just taken up my residence at the Embassy, when I was informed that two regiments had mutinied, and in the quelling of the small revolt consequent, for the Spaniards never lose an opportunity of rioting, General Fulgosio, Governor of Madrid, and several officers, had been killed. They have a curious way of doing things in this country, which seems to be on the principle, that when a mutiny occurs, someone must be punished, whether deserving of punishment or no. I never could understand, and I soon gave up trying. According to custom, after the insurrection was

"First of all, permit me," said the ex-ambassador, as he bent over and helped himself.

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quelled, the authorities assembled a court-martial, and the question had to be solved: Who are we to punish? Without any sense or reason, the commander of the revolted regiments, General Moreno de las Peñas, with several officers belonging to some of the leading families, were tried and condemned to death."

"Shocking," said the Radical M.P., and we all agreed.

"This was the state of things put before me on my arrival by one of the secretaries to the Legation. Of course England had nothing to do with it, and therefore the matter was no concern of mine. You see," added His Excellency drily, "the lady had not then appeared on the scene; but I was not kept waiting very long. That same night, just as I was about to turn in, a carriage drove up to the residence; there was a violent ringing of bells, and I was informed that the wife of General Moreno de las Peñas, with another lady, desired to see me on a very important and pressing matter.

"I immediately descended, and after the usual courtesies, I begged the General's wife to command me. She was thickly veiled, and in endeavouring to tell me what she wanted, she completely broke down. Thereupon the young lady soothed her with comforting words. Never did the Spanish language appear to me so musical as when I heard it from the lips of my young visitor.

"'Your Excellency, we come to implore your aid. My brother and General Moreno are condemned to die. They have been denounced by some rascally sergeant of their regiment, and for no fault, for they are men of honour, they must die, unless you can save them, unless the Prime Minister can be prevailed upon to pardon them. England is a great country. Have mercy Your Excellency.'

"I cannot recall all her words, for she spoke quickly, and I was not perfect in my Spanish. However, in the best Spanish I could muster, I assured her of my sympathy, and I promised to do my best."

"'But is there hope?' asked the elder lady.

"I said I felt sure there was."

"'We have seen the ambassadors of France, Russia, and ——' Here she broke down, and the young lady rather dumbfounded me by adding, 'But they can do nothing.'

"This gave a graver aspect to the case. If those crafty old diplomatists could do nothing, what was the use of my trying? Before me, was the sweet pleading face of an angel, who, in spite of my protests, would kneel, and kept on repeating, 'But England is great! But England is great!'

"After some time, they took their departure, and I rang for the chief secretary, who had to bundle out of bed. I told him of what had taken place."

"'I know all about it,' was his reply. 'The Queen signs the death warrant tomorrow morning. They will be shot tomorrow afternoon at sunset, as sure as there will be a sunset. The other Ministers have done their best, but Narvaez is determined to punish someone, and the lives of these poor devils are not worth twenty hours' purchase.'

"'I did not sleep that night. A face haunted me.'

"'Not two faces?' remarked one of the company.

"Only one," said the ambassador solemnly, "and I was up much earlier than my wont. Ordering my carriage, I drove straight to the residence of the Prime Minister. He had just left. There was, I knew, no time to be lost, so I gave my man orders to drive me to the Palace, where I knew he had an audience with the Queen Isabella. I found that he had not arrived, so I took my place in a gallery leading to the audience room, where the Ministers congregated previous to their business with the Sovereign. I also instructed one of the ushers to tell the Prime Minister that I wished to speak to him.

"'About an hour of waiting, and then he entered the gallery. I apologised for my informal visit, and then without delay, put before him my request for the pardon of General Moreno de las Peñas and his fellow prisoners. His manner at once was frigid, and he began to tell me the history of the insurrection, and the spread of revolutionary ideas, finishing up by expressing his fixed determination to shoot those for whom I pleaded. On my questioning his action on the score of common humanity, he gave me a curt bow, and informed me that the interview was at an end. I was about to make a hasty reply, when someone exclaimed 'The Queen,' and I was bowing with the rest. I seized the French Ambassador, and begged him to present me at once to Her Majesty."

"'Is it poor Moreno?' he whispered, as he led me forward, and he shook his head as much as to say 'no hope.'

"Queen Isabella received me graciously, with all the natural charm of her race, and listened with deep attention, while I pleaded for the condemned. My appeal, I could see, moved the Queen deeply, for tears suffused her eyes. She paused for a moment, and my

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Never did the Spanish language appear to me so musical as when I heard it from the lips of my young visitor.

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heart beat violently, as I thought that I had succeeded. She smiled sweetly, and I was thinking of the supreme pleasure of telling my fair visitant that her brother was pardoned, when Narvaez, to whom she turned, came up to the throne.

"'It is impossible, Your Majesty,' was his reply to some question she whispered, and he unfolded the death warrant for the Royal signature.

"'Do you not think that in some other way these gentlemen could be made sensible of our displeasure?'

"'I shall be obliged to resign, Your Majesty, if this sentence of the Court is not countersigned, and executed this day at sunset,' was the hasty reply of the Prime Minister.

"For a moment the Queen was undecided. She glanced at the foreign representatives, but none of them were willing to risk the snub which Narvaez could give, and the spectacle of Great Britain suing in vain was not without a certain satisfaction to them, I could see. There was a most awkward pause, which was broken by the brutal remark of the Spanish Minister.

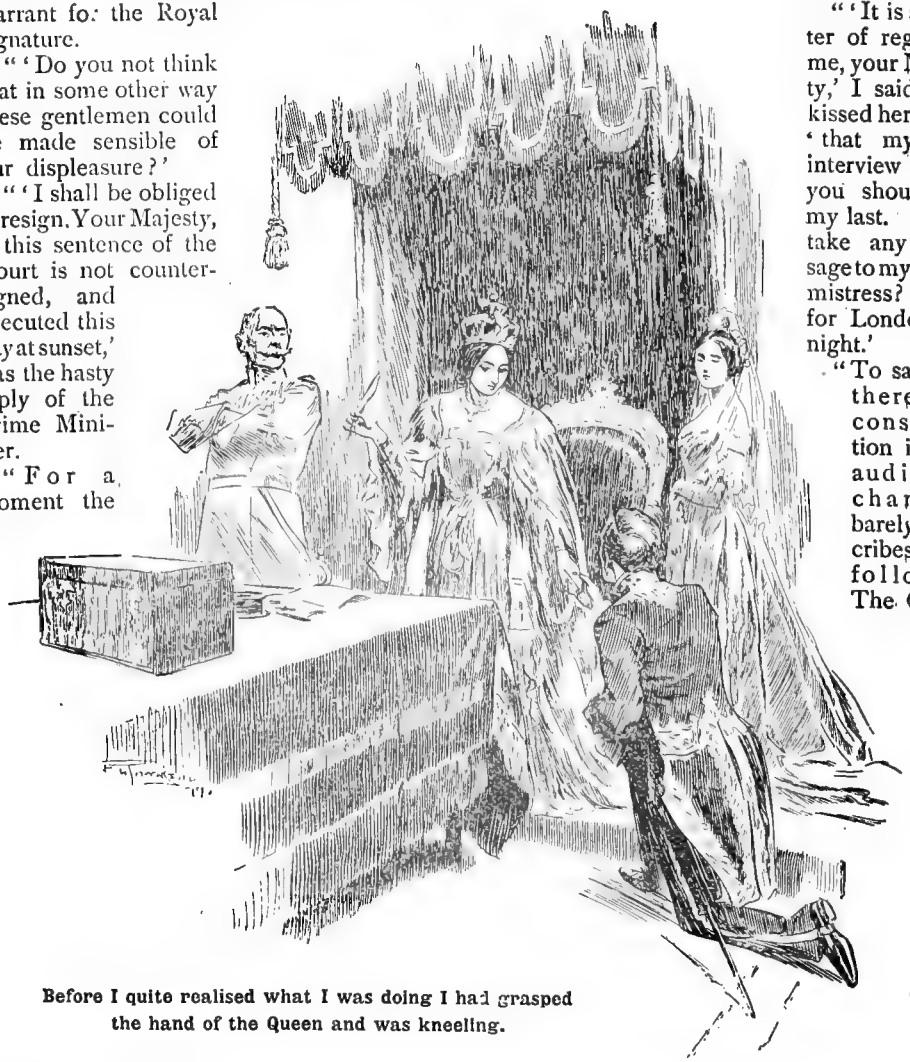
"'The Royal signature, or my resignation,' and he folded his arms resolutely, as if the matter were finally settled as far as he was concerned. A shudder passed over the handsome face of the Queen, and she took up the pen. The situation was desperate. Before I quite realised what I was doing, I had grasped the hand of the Queen, and was kneeling.

"'It is a matter of regret to me, your Majesty,' I said, as I kissed her hand, 'that my first interview with you should be my last. Can I take any message to my Royal mistress? I leave for London to-night.'

"To say that there was consternation in the audience-chamber barely describes what followed. The Queen was dumbfounded, and turned to her Minister.

"'Will you explain yourself, Mr. Ambassador,' said Narvaez to me in French.

"'I came here as the representative of Great Britain, and, if I may say so, as the friend of Spain. It will not strengthen my position with my own Government when they



Before I quite realised what I was doing I had grasped the hand of the Queen and was kneeling.

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learn that my first request, and that a simple one, has been peremptorily refused, nor do I feel that I can fairly represent Spain's position to my Sovereign after witnessing so barbarous an injustice as the case in which I am interested. It is, therefore, better that I retire at once. I now simply have to ask for my passport.'

"Narvaez looked me straight in the face, and I looked straight at him. The Queen stood a silent spectator. For a few seconds the silence was oppressive. None seemed to breathe. 'My passport, please,' I said quietly. You see, I had to play every trump card at this juncture.'

"For answer, Narvaez tore up the death warrant into a score of pieces, and I had won my first diplomatic victory in the game of bluff."

"And the lady?" interrogated the Radical M.P.

"Ah, yes. There was another, not a brother, among those officers for whom I pleaded. Had it not been for him, I might have been a married man," and His Excellency coughed, and poured some more whisky into his glass.

THE LAST OF ENGLAND'S QUINTAINS.

A curious clause, taking one back to the Middle Ages, appears in the title-deeds of a house in the village of Offham, in Kent. Scheduled as part of the messuages, land, hereditaments, and premises, is the village quintain, which still swings on its stout oaken post before the house, and the purchaser must covenant to keep the relic of a bygone pastime in good repair.

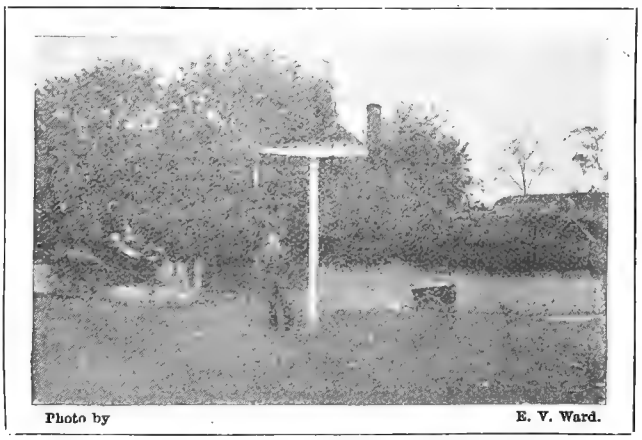

Photo by E. V. Ward.

A Quintain, standing in Offham, Kent.

This quintain is the last remaining specimen in England. It consists, as can be seen in the illustration, of a stout pillar or post, with a swinging crossbar, one end of which is flat and square and pierced with a number of holes.

The quintain, or tilt, and the ancient sport of tilting, is described by an authority, who says: "It is an upright post, on the top of which is a cross-post turned upon a pin; at one end of the cross-post was a broad board, and at the other a heavy sand bag. The play was to ride against the board end with a lance, and pass by before the sand bag, coming round, should strike the tilter to the ground."

An ancient tilting ground, but minus the quintain, is to be seen at Gawsworth, near Macclesfield, in close proximitity to the old Hall. This is said to be the only one in England remaining entire.

Within a space some 200 yards wide, surrounded by raised mounds or embankments, the lists were arranged. The spectators stood on the higher ground, whilst the Queen of Beauty, surrounded by her attendants, occupied an elevation at the end of the ground.

A noteworthy attempt to revive this ancient sport, which was popular long before the days of the third Henry, was made in 1827 by Viscouht and Viscountess Gage, at Firle Place, in Sussex.

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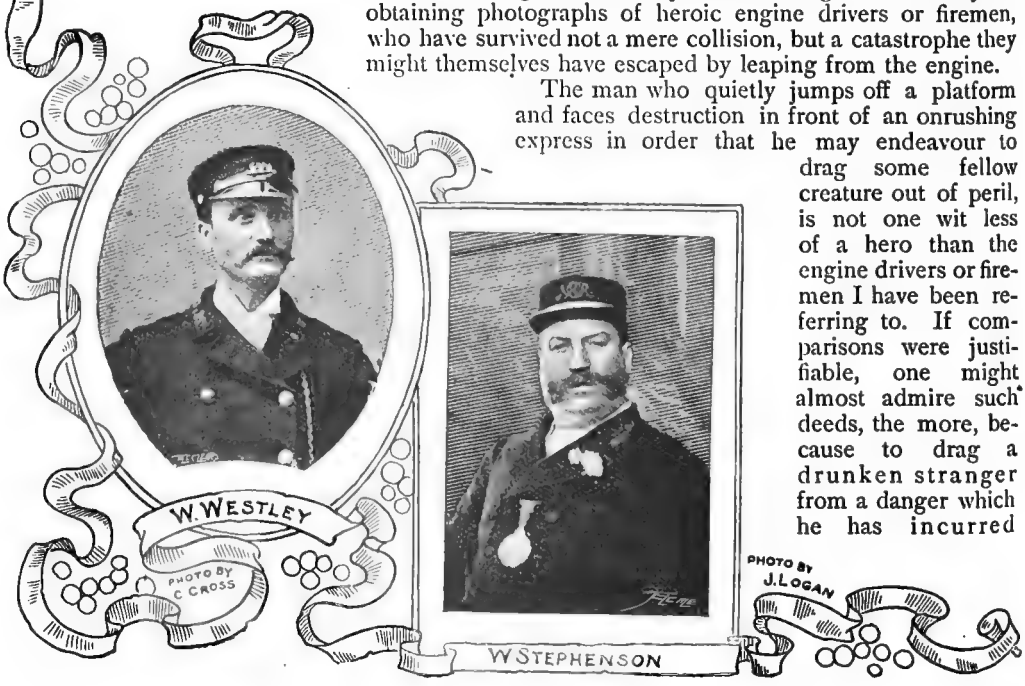
HEROES OF THE RAIL

By G. A. Binnie.

In considering the heroism of railway servants, one's mind turns almost instinctively, to the engine-driver, as the man who occupies the position of greatest danger. There is every justification. The records of the railway world show some of the most splendid feats of heroism on the part of engine drivers that the world might ever wish to see. Over and over again it has happened that an engine driver, and with him we must include his comrade the fireman, has seen with absolute certainty that a collision was inevitable, and that death or horrible maiming was surely in store for him. Perchance he has done all that can be done. Steam has been shut off. The brakes have been applied. He has only to step off the foot-board and, as a result of practice, he could probably land from the rushing train without much injury. Yet, a sense of duty holds him, and that humble hero goes to his death, a dreadful and terrible death, with as calm a courage as the bravest soldier.

It is a sad fact, that having confined myself in my selection to individuals who are still living, I have experienced a great difficulty in obtaining photographs of heroic engine drivers or firemen, who have survived not a mere collision, but a catastrophe they might themselves have escaped by leaping from the engine.

The man who quietly jumps off a platform and faces destruction in front of an onrushing express in order that he may endeavour to drag some fellow creature out of peril, is not one wit less of a hero than the engine drivers or firemen I have been referring to. If comparisons were justifiable, one might almost admire such deeds, the more, because to drag a drunken stranger from a danger which he has incurred



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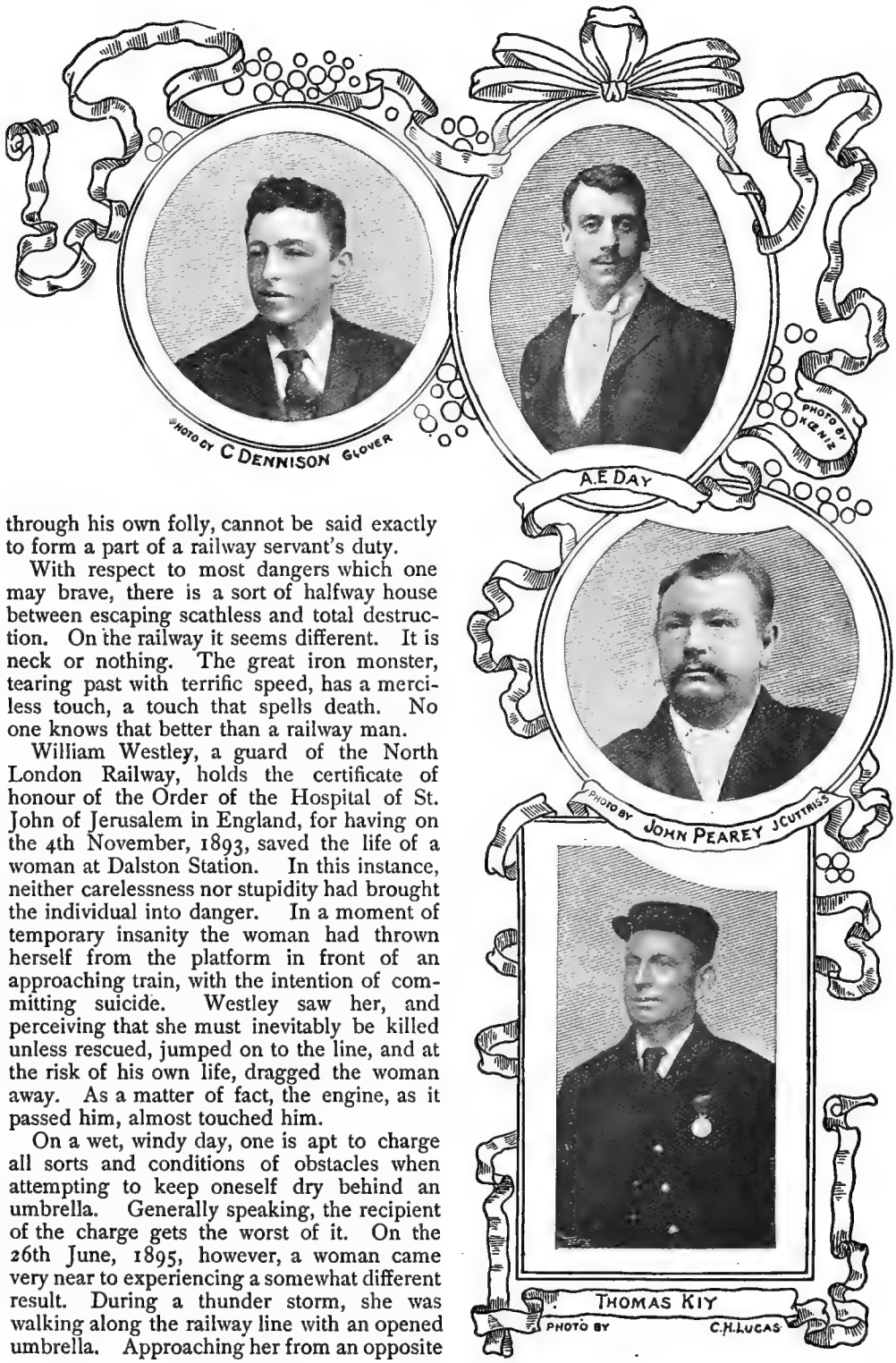

through his own folly, cannot be said exactly to form a part of a railway servant's duty.

With respect to most dangers which one may brave, there is a sort of halfway house between escaping scathless and total destruction. On the railway it seems different. It is neck or nothing. The great iron monster, tearing past with terrific speed, has a merciless touch, a touch that spells death. No one knows that better than a railway man.

William Westley, a guard of the North London Railway, holds the certificate of honour of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England, for having on the 4th November, 1893, saved the life of a woman at Dalston Station. In this instance, neither carelessness nor stupidity had brought the individual into danger. In a moment of temporary insanity the woman had thrown herself from the platform in front of an approaching train, with the intention of committing suicide. Westley saw her, and perceiving that she must inevitably be killed unless rescued, jumped on to the line, and at the risk of his own life, dragged the woman away. As a matter of fact, the engine, as it passed him, almost touched him.

On a wet, windy day, one is apt to charge all sorts and conditions of obstacles when attempting to keep oneself dry behind an umbrella. Generally speaking, the recipient of the charge gets the worst of it. On the 26th June, 1895, however, a woman came very near to experiencing a somewhat different result. During a thunder storm, she was walking along the railway line with an opened umbrella. Approaching her from an opposite

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direction on the same line was an express goods train. William Stephenson, the station-master at Carlton Station, on the North Eastern Railway, fortunately happened to see her, and, realising the terrible danger she was in, went to her rescue, and succeeded in pulling her down on to the six foot way just as the express passed. For this act of gallantry he holds the Certificate of Honour of St. John.

The circumstance under which Christopher Dennison won the medal and diploma of the Order, displayed most remarkable gallantry. Outside Dundrum Station, there is a gradient down which the express travels at from fifty to fifty-five miles an hour. On the 17th May, 1896, Dennison was on night duty. The express, train due to pass at 9.55 p.m., was in sight and rapidly approaching, when a man attempted to cross the line from the up platform and got immediately in front of the onrushing express. The man was intoxicated, and was obviously unable to reach the platform. Without a moment's hesitation, Dennison leapt off the platform, and, grasping the man round the neck, threw him backwards on to the six foot way just as the train passed. So narrow was the escape, that the young fellow's cap was blown off by the wind caused by the train, whilst the drunken man, whose life he had saved, struggled so violently, that his rescuer for a moment thought that the engine had run over his feet.

Arthur Edward Day, a porter in the employ of the Metropolitan Railway, is the proud possessor of the Certificate of Honour of the Order awarded for courageous conduct and great presence of mind displayed on the 23rd January, 1897, in rescuing a passenger who, at Baker Street, Station accidentally fell off the platform on to the line just as a train was approaching. Day, recognising the man's dangerous position, immediately jumped on to the permanent way and promptly dragged him under the platform, just in time to escape being cut to pieces by the engine.

Among other holders of the silver medal of the Order of St. John, is John Pearey, a railway porter of Chester-le-Street, Co. Durham. The act of gallantry for which he gained this, was in saving on the 15th October, 1885, at great personal risk, a child who had strayed upon the line and was in eminent danger of being run over by the Scotch Express.

Another holder of the bronze medal is Thomas Kiy, then railway porter of Wexborne Station, near Canterbury. In this case a man braved the double danger of a train on the up line and of another on the down. On Boxing Day 1890, a woman was endeavouring to cross the line just as a train was leaving the station and and an express train was about to pass through on the other side. Altogether it was as inopportune a moment as she could have selected with any regard to her personal safety. Kiy saw her danger, and, jumping in front of the moving train, seized the woman, who must otherwise have been killed, and held her between the metals, whilst the trains swept rapidly by on either side. So close did they pass, that the man's clothes were actually torn by one of the engines.

On the 29th January 1897, a woman attempted to cross the line at Yeovil Junction just as the down express was rapidly approaching. It so happened, that owing to a curve of the line at this point, some waggons which were standing on the sidings, shut out all sight of the train. James Richard William Maynard, a railway inspector, who was standing on the platform, perceived the dangerous position of the woman. Without a moment's hesitation he jumped off the platform, and only just succeeded in dragging her on to the six-foot way when the express dashed by. A number of witnesses of the occurrence testified that had Maynard been a moment later, both himself and the woman would have been killed. For his gallantry Maynard was awarded the silver medal of the Order of the Hospital of St. John.

On September 9th, 1897, a man was seen staggering across the down main-line platform in front of an advancing train which was rapidly approaching Westbourne Park Station. Sydney Vockings, a porter in the employ of the Great Western Railway, perceived the dangerous position of the man, and at the eminent risk of being killed himself, jumped on to the line and only just managed to pull the man clear when the engine was within a few feet of him.

An act of great bravery was performed one evening at Shortlands Station by a porter named Lewis. A gentleman, arriving by a loop line train, alighted and walked across to the down platform from whence he fell across the rails just as the Gravesend through train was approaching. With great presence of mind, Lewis, who had seen the mishap, jumped to his assistance, and at immense personal risk, for the passenger was a tall, heavy man, succeeded in lifting him off the rails, just in time to save him from being cut to pieces.

At Portadown Station of the Great Northern Railway Company, there are two platforms with five running lines of rails

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between them. The ticket office is on the up platform. There is an underground passage from one side to the other. On July 25th, 1892, a little girl got her ticket and then instead of proceeding from one platform to the other by the underground passage jumped on to the rails in order to cross to the down platform. A down train was coming in, and a number of passengers were awaiting its arrival. Everybody quickly perceived the danger into which the little girl was running. One and all, including a porter named Stoops, shouted to her to go back, but this only caused her to increase her exertions to reach the down platform. Stoops, on seeing this, immediately leapt off the down platform in front of the incoming train and caught her just in time to save her from certain death. His conduct was brought before the notice of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and in due course he was sent for to London and presented with the certificate of honour by the Prince of Wales. On his return from London he was promoted to the position of passenger guard, which position he retains to-day.

It must not be supposed that the few instances I have given of heroic railway servants exhausts the list. Far from it. The difficulty I have had to contend with is in making a selection. Doing this possibly invites comparison between those whose names and photos I have given and those of whose bravery I have been silent. The exigencies of space have necessitated the making of some choice, but of this I have become more than ever convinced, that in no walk of life are there to be found finer instances of heroic self-sacrifice than in that of the British railway world.

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A MAN AND MANSION OF MANY MARVELS.

Photo by W. H. Rogers.

The Observatory and Water-tower.

By Hector Maclean.

The man referred to is Sir David Salomons, Bart.; the mansion is his residence known as Broomhill.

Although a *persona gratissima* amongst those who are of the highest in the land—although, whether driving his four-in-hand at a meet of the Coaching Club in Hyde Park or Hurlingham, whether carrying off first prizes at the Islington Horse shows, or illuminating the dark places of London with the fairy light of chained lightning, or harnessing thunderbolts to the wheels of his park phaeton, or astonishing the Fellows of the Royal Society with "the long results of time," and the strange evolutions of science—although, in such and other instances Sir David is a prominent figure amongst the throng of notables who rejoice in the possession of great intellect, rank, wealth, and breeding, yet will he, nevertheless — and that not seldom—bestow some of his scarce hours on folk who are humble alike in circumstances and in intellect.

Photo by G. Glanville.

Sir David Salomons.

All said and done, the residential part of Broomhill is the least noteworthy. It is amongst what may be termed its annexes that the chief centres of wonderment are to be found. Of these a lofty erection which serves as observatory, beacon and water-tower, and the engine-house, with its puissant machineries for pouring power into every nook and cranny of the surrounding buildings, are remarkable enough in their way, and are worthy of the most careful inspection; but less ordinary sights await us elsewhere. And firstly let us make an imaginary visit to "The Grand Theatre of Science." Perchance, as on the occasion of a visit recently paid by the writer in the company of the members of the Croydon Camera Club, Sir David is able to show off some of the possibilities, and of the marvels, which are to be found in the building.

A blinding August sunshine is almost at its full intensity; the afternoon heat is terrific; nevertheless — although the sun has been playing upon the skylights, the moment we step into the theatre we pass from torrid heat to temperate coolness. How this delicious temperature is obtained we will not now stop to consider, but, choosing the most comfortable of some two hundred seats, proceed to enjoy a scientific performance all to ourselves; a performance which is, moreover, from beginning to end carried out by the unassisted aid of one man —*i.e.*, our host—much as follows:

Sir David steps on to the platform, explains his

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programme, and begins a series of Marvellous Button Pressing, from which follow many striking results. Button the first causes immense shutters to noiselessly glide over the windows and skylights, and thus shut off the dazzling sunlight; another button lights glow lamps. With a third pressure there is heard, from whence is not apparent, a wonderfully harmonious concord of sound—and presently it is realised that the dulcet voices of De Reske and Melba are carolling an operatic aria. Anon we listen to Irving and Ellen Terry declaiming a scene from Shakespeare. After a while the light melts into gloom, and the big hall is once more in complete darkness; then immediately there flash out upon the twenty-five feet square white screen a succession of naturalistic photographs in colours produced by the Ives' method; and yet others by Professor Joly's ingenious device, in both of which no pigments are used to imitate the very tone and tint of nature.

Following these come the choicest examples of cinematographic tableaux, which, unlike those generally seen, have been most carefully hand-painted. And as these various scenes, full of colour and of movement, live before our eyes another magic button causes a powerful orchestra, which numbers perhaps forty or more instrumentalists, to strike up, and perform suitable selections of music, the fiddlers, trumpeters,

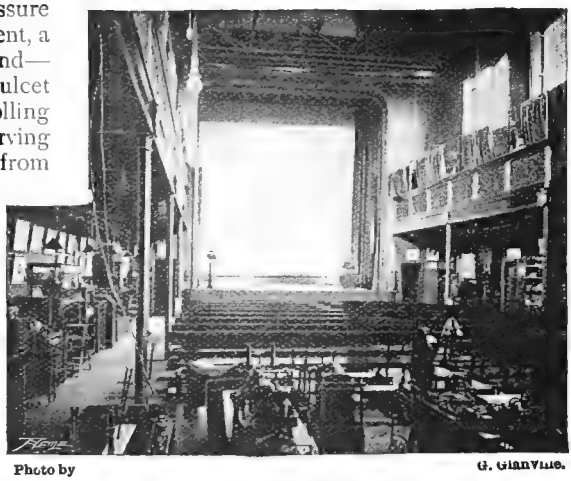

Photo by G. Glanville.

The Science Theatre.

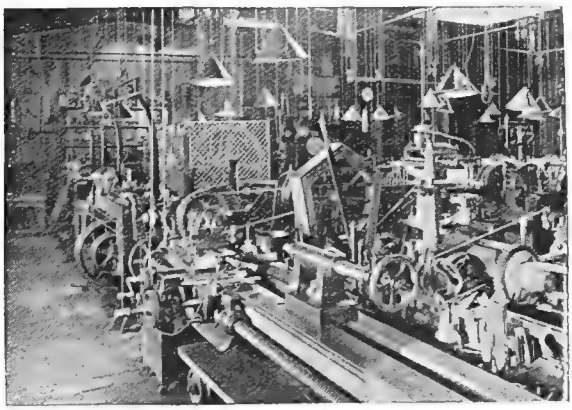

Photo by W. H. Rogers.

One of the Workshops.

flautists, &c., being, however, nothing more tangible than creatures of electricity.

Apart from the marvels of light or sound which are from time to time displayed in this notable theatre, it contains an engrossing collection of wonderful instruments and exhibits, of which not even a tithe may be mentioned. A very few samples must suffice. Most recent of all is an instrument which receives and makes audible electric messages sent from a distance through the air without the instrumentality of direct communication by wire or otherwise. This is based on the investigations of Messrs. Preece and Marconi. By means of a powerful coil, placed at one end of the hall, a perfectly disconnected receiver is made to ring out a more or less coherent message at a distance of a hundred feet; which distance by no means marks the limits of this marvellous machine, for on at least one occasion the electricity generated at the Tunbridge Wells Electric Light Works situated about four miles away—has, quite without anyone's intention, been able to set the bell a-ringing at the receiver. How this comes about is, to use Sir David's own words, as follows: "We live in a universe which is filled by many kinds of waves—big, little, and of very diverse characters. These are ceaselessly beating against us, and on all other objects—on all forms of matter. The above instrument is merely a device which is capable of taking note of the electric waves of a particular intensity and kind." How this is done a peep at the instrument and two minutes' talk with Sir David make clear. To translate the explanation into type and picture would, however, fail to make the non-technical

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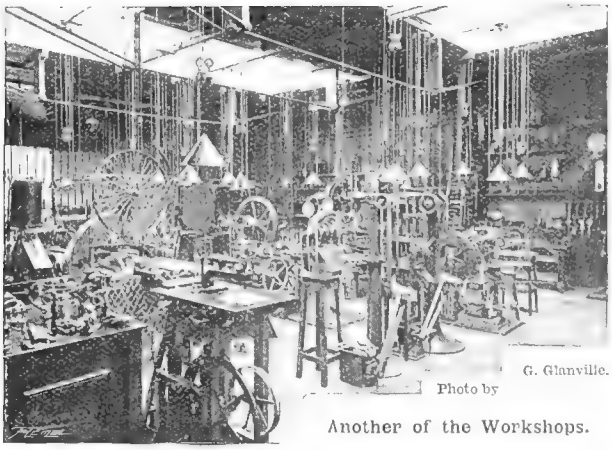

Photo by G. Glanville.

Another of the Workshops.

reader understand the construction and working of this ingenious device for registering the electric vibrations which are travelling through the ether. A not less notable instrument to be seen here is the celebrated Broomhill magnet, by the aid of which many previously inscrutable magnetic phenomena have been made clear. How it overcomes difficulties, once found insuperable, we must not stop to consider, for there are a crowd more of hardly less renowned examples of Sir David's inventive genius to note.

Take as example the machine which, amongst other uses, measures the speed or duration of light, which it effects by means of a hexagonal steel mirror that is made to rotate up to the astonishing speed of 50,000 revolutions per minute.

An ingenious method of recognising at what rate the mirror is moving at any moment is by means of the pitch of a whistle that is produced by a piece of wood, fastened to the spindle which holds the mirror, striking against a strip of paper. On first starting the machine a low note is set up, which, as the speed increases, becomes shriller and shriller. Thus when the eye can no longer distinguish speed the ear does instead.

Of all the other generally erudite and complex, philosophical instruments no more must be said except to glance at a prodigiously intricate magic lantern.

This is a magnificent looking "three decker," which is one out of perhaps a dozen other optical lanterns, most of which are to be seen in the lantern gallery, and is capable of exhibiting, with ideal perfection, every phenomenon in physics, and otherwise, of which a projection lantern is capable. Some little intellects may rather naturally ask, "Why fuss over a mere magic lantern?" To explain how such an instrument is capable of spreading and of gaining knowledge, and thus bring home to readers that is by no means a mere plaything is not very easy. Perhaps most non-scientific people will be able to grasp the importance attachable to this elaborate instrument by a money standard of measurement. Well then, in order to perfect and construct, this magic lantern cost £6,000.

A stroll around the theatre in Sir David's company is to take a succession of concentrated drams of scientific stimulants, which are apt to intoxicate. Hereabout I came upon a large, but very strange mirror, in which I saw a person whom I had never yet clapped eyes on—that is myself *as others see me*. In looking at our reflection as seen in an ordinary mirror we never behold our face as it is seen by our fellow creatures, because that which should be right is left, and *vice versâ*. It is notorious that the two vertical halves of a face are very dissimilar, hence when, by means of a subtle device, the magic mirror of Broomhill transposes the normal reflection, the beholder obtains a very different view of himself to that which he ever did before, and begins to realise how likely it is that Oliver Wendell Holmes' assertion is correct, viz., that it is never two people

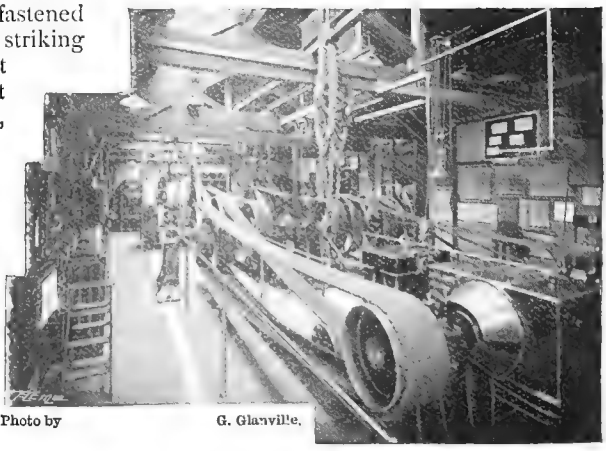

Photo by G. Glanville.

A Glimpse of the Engine House.

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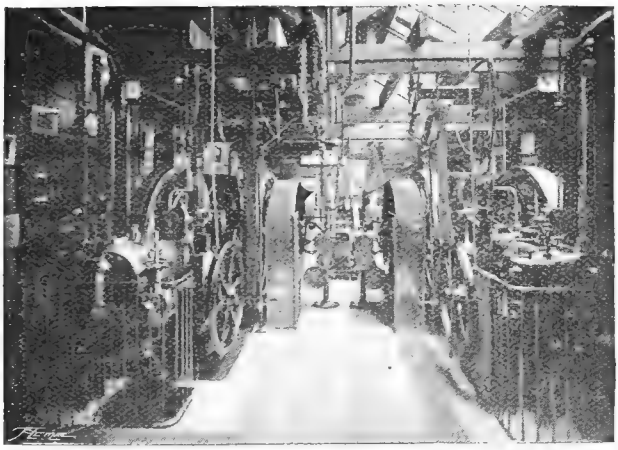

Photo by G. Glanville.

Another View of the Engine House.

who hold a conversation but, at the very least, six.

Leaving the theatre with many an unnoted treasure, a fresh series of surprising objects are met with in what are known as the workshops.

In these are gathered together what is generally considered to be the most complete installation of mechanical tools, and machines devised for the making of all kinds of philosophical instruments in the world. Here, at any moment's notice, either of the machines may be set to work turning, drilling, twisting, slotting, cutting, and otherwise shaping almost any wooden or metal object that the heart of man can desire, or his head invent. Whilst on the one hand the most delicate of hair springs, or almost microscopically small escapements cannot come amiss, on the other hand, thick sheets or bars of hardened iron are cut and planed with the greatest ease.

In fact, nothing seems impossible to this splendid display of harnessed force, the most impressive point of which is, as already indicated, that at any moment, day or night, any of these thirty or more ingenious and powerful machines can be set to work by the mere pressure of a button, or by an equivalently simple operation. What that work comprises may be figured to the mind when it is stated that no less than 60,000 tools are available for use. The secret of this ever ready potency is, of course, electricity, the supply of which at Broomhill is sufficient, at all times, to place at Sir David's disposal what is equal to a hundred horse power.

To say more about this matchless workshop would be to open a chapter far too long to finish, suffice it that its contents possess never ending attraction to every mechanician. And let us proceed to glance at the chemical and physical laboratories, the photographic studio, the three developing rooms, the writing rooms with its typewriters, &c. When these have been seen, most people —as did the writer—will want to know what work is performed in the establishment which is not accomplished by means of the electric current. To this Sir David will answer, "But little," and proceed to explain that "lighting, talking, ventilating, heating, and cooling, and every kind of motor work are performed by power distributed in the form of electricity."

"Besides what has already been mentioned, or seen in the house," he will add, "they make butter, iron linen, and do their sewing by means of the convenient current. Not only are the machines in the workshops electrically driven, but some of the tools also—such as the electric hammer."

He will further tell how that "by a strange inversion the obedient and versatile current is made to imitate its parents, Thunder and Lightning."

For attached to the stage of the theatre are electrically controlled contrivances whereby, not only the thundering of the heavens, which assures us that Jove still reigns, is simulated, but, by means of a special arrangement, a real flash of lightning is formed by a powerful coil which, at the pressure of a little finger, discharges a long and

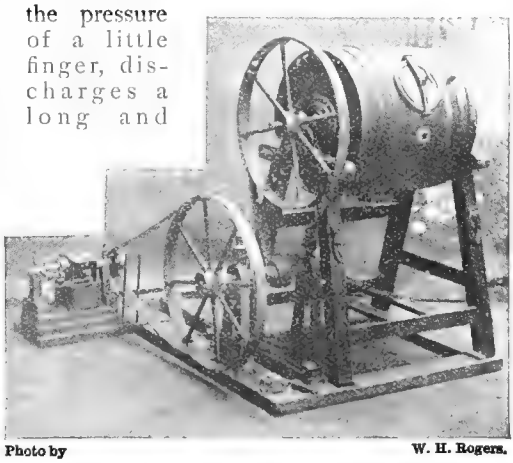

Photo by W. H. Rogers.

An Electric Churn.

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vivid succession of electric sparks. With similar ease, by means of coloured glow lamps and coloured search lights, a long range of captivating and gorgeous colour phantasies are made to illuminate any actor or tableaux which may be arranged on the stage.

It is not to be thought that the magnificent theatre and the scientific collections are given over to solitude, or to one-man shows, in which Sir David does all the display and the audience is a unit. Far otherwise, for the theatre is the constant rendezvous of scientific and similar societies, which, on the invitation of Sir David, from time to time foregather. On such occasions they have described to them all that is noteworthy in the new discoveries and evolutions. Moreover two or three times in each year such a big total of all the talent assembles, that their united and stupendous stock of scientific lore is enough to make the ordinary mind quail with its astounding ignorance. But Sir David floats easily enough upon this empyrean atmosphere composed of abstract thought and abstruse experiment. And though the units have been such mighty atoms as Kelvin, Whitworth, Bessemer, Dewar (so fond of liquifying air), Ramsey (the discoverer of new elements), Rontgen (of eerie X. ray fame), and the like, they have sat in this unique theatre, whilst their gifted host illustrated and expounded problems and results which were new, impressive, and far reaching.

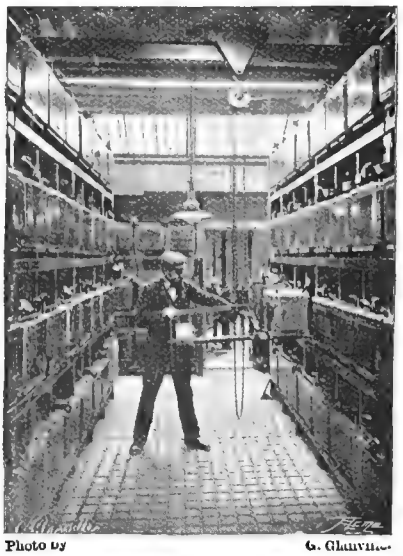

Photo by G. Glanville.

The Accumulator House.

Stepping out of the theatre we find that the whole prospect is filled with tranquil charms that paint the meadows with delight and make the long stretches of undulating ground in this sandstone district a perpetual feast for the eyes. So engaging is the view that in order to see yet more of it—which, however, would argue some greed—there is close at hand a sky-piercing beacon tower from which by day there floats our dearly-loved flag, whilst by night a powerful arc lamp acts as a guide to all who, wandering abroad in the darkness, need a guiding star by which to shape their course, in this district of devious roads, and lonesome wastes.

A few yards from the beacon tower stands that which, in the eyes of many will be regarded as the greatest glory—if not marvel—of all that Broomhill has to show, I mean the Equine Palace which Sir David has designed and built that his much-treasured horses should be housed as befits their worthiness.

The noble pile of buildings—which no photographic reproduction can do full justice to, partly because of the site on which it stands, and partly because of the colour effects upon which much of the attractiveness of the design depends—is a flawless model, for those who count not price nor pains, to copy.

Apart from the fineness of workmanship everywhere apparent, there are a number of special devices to be seen whereby the health and comfort of the horses are cared for. Take, as an example, the automatic feeder; this, controlled from the harness room, is so arranged that, by means of a lever, a feed of corn is not only accurately measured out, but also delivered to any particular horse.

These stables, which took about three years to build and fit up, cost over a hundred thousand pounds, which, although a pretty big sum, is not particularly excessive, when it is remembered how valuable are the horses they shelter.

Not only are there hunters, hacks, and ponies, all of high degree and distinguished descent, but also many driving horses of particular value, including Sir David's famous brown-black coaching four, and his "steed of steeds," Empress, which carried off the first prize at the Great Islington Horse Show in the roadster class. Perhaps, however, the casual visitor will consider that the handsomest of all is a half bred Arab, which certainly exhibits a combination of fine form, grace, fire, and action, not often met with.

One of the piquant paradoxes which Sir David embodies—for we will leave the mansion and return to the man—is that he, who possesses such a splendid company of horses,

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and so palatial a range of stabling, who is, moreover, so fond and so proud of both, he, of all men, should happen to be the one, more than anyone in England, who has pushed forward the motor car development.

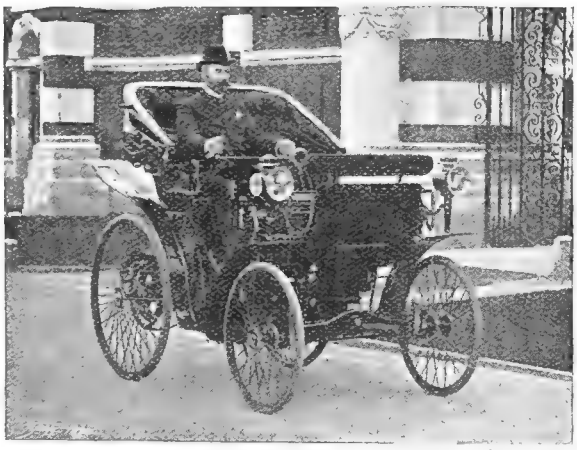

Photo by W. H. Rogers.

A Motor Phaeton.

He it was who first — or well amongst the first —aroused a general desire for Liberty of Locomotion. Amongst the earliest means adopted to awaken public interest was the organisation of a great exhibition of motor cars, &c., which was held in 1895 at Tunbridge Wells.

Sir David drives all kinds of motor cars, including both bicycles and ordinary carriages. Of these, while some are electrically propelled, others work by oil, and yet others by steam. What will, however, possibly astonish the cursory reader is Sir David's opinion of the comparative inutility of electric motors. Time was, when the world at large dreamed of travelling uphill, down dale, anywhere and everywhere by electrically propelled cars, each one carrying its own supply of current, and able to run its fifty to one hundred miles without replenishment.

A minute's talk with Sir David was enough to dispel the vision. Electric motor cars require to carry such a relatively enormous extra weight, in the shape of storage batteries, that most of the propelling power is used up in the haulage of a heavy dead weight. It is as if one should go for a fast drive and expect the horses to gallop along with a load of passengers as well as a dozen sacks of coal.

Although Broomhill is no palace it none the less contains full many a rarity and curio of which any palace would be proud. Thus the picture gallery displays many a pictorial gem, amongst which may be mentioned pictures by Leighton, Vicat Cole, Stansfield and others, to the number of 150, of like importance. Nor are the masterpieces confined to this gallery, as the walls of the different apartments are all embellished by graphic witnesses of "sweetness and light," with colour added. Of these the visitor may expect to be most particularly captivated by a soul-haunting portrait by Greuze. Finally, there is a sculpture gallery, in which are effectively displayed many notable and world-renowned creations.

Photo by W. H. Rogers.

The Great Stables.

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By H. B. Vogel.

Author of "A Maori Maid," etc.

Maori women are different to white women. Outwardly, of course they are; but the difference is also in their hearts and in the doing of what they do.

Bernadiston somehow always thought it was so until the great line was drawn across his life which divided one half of it into "Before" and the other half into "Ever since." Then he ceased merely to think, and knew it was so.

The difference is not to be wondered at, for a pakeha, or white girl, is civilised. The other is only a Maori, who, as a baby, is carried on her mother's back in a big shawl, and looks like a lump of brown putty, and never cries, and is never washed. In due time she learns to walk and to tumble over puppies and to set the dogs on to the pigs. She eats everything she can pick up, and smokes whatever she can find that is capable of being smoked.

Presently she learns to scrape potatoes—with the lid of a tin matchbox for preference—and to cook.

Her education is completed then, and all she has to do is to spend the rest of her time growing to womanhood, having her lower lip tattooed, and washing her petticoats and cotton skirts.

She seldom has romances. When a Maori girl and a Maori man fall in love, they get married and are husband and wife. They do not worry about clergymen or lawyers or settlements.

Maoris say this custom is better than that of the pakeha. For if a man and a woman, being husband and wife, love each other, they are true to each other for life. That is marriage. If they are unhappy and learn to hate each other they separate, and probably choose afresh. Wherefore a Maori girl's life is generally happy, for she finds her lover in course of time, and becomes a mother and has her own whare or hut.

A pakeha man can fall in love with a Maori girl. Bernadiston did and married her—Maori fashion—which is without the aid of priest or parson.

Nobody in Wellington, where his people lived, knew of it. Not that it much mattered, for there were only three whom it would have greatly concerned. They were his mother—a grey-haired lady, gentle and very fragile, a widow and very poor—his sister, and Lucy Fairbairn.

Bernadiston was a surveyor, and for years had been away up inland surveying great blocks of Native country and living amongst the Maoris until he knew them and could speak to them as though he were one of them. Then he met Mare, and the dark, bright-eyed Maori girl grew exceedingly dear to him, and they became man and wife. He took a small Government leasehold in a rough spot, where he grazed a few hundred sheep and some cattle. He used to go to Wellington two or three times a year, but never with Mare. He once offered. She refused.

"I do not want to go. You would be ashamed of a Maori in the big city. The hearts of your people would grow dark if I went. I will mind the kainga (which is the Maori way of expressing "home)" until you

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come back. Only be quick, for I shall be very lonely."

So he went alone.

Now heiresses, in the sense of women of much worldly wealth, are rarities in a small city like Wellington. Lucy Fairbairn was one, but then she was a Wellington heiress only in so far as she had come to live in the place.

She was born and bred in Australia, and had remained there until at the death of her father she became an orphan. Then she came to live with an uncle and aunt in a big house in Fitzherbert Terrace.

Of course, she was made much of, and could have had any young lady in the place for her dearest friend — just as the Governor's wife can always have any old one — and any young man — almost — for her husband. Had she been poor she would have been popular, for she was jolly, light-hearted and pretty. Ethel Bernadiston became her chief friend. Lucy liked the girl for herself and partly, perhaps, if the truth were confessed, because she was the sister of Bernadiston. He happened to visit his home shortly after Miss Fairbairn had arrived in Wellington, and they met several times. And because she was a friend of Ethel's he took more notice of her than he would otherwise have done.

For many months after her arrival in Wellington Lucy Fairbairn was in mourning and was never seen at the dances or entertainments of the session. When she did go Bernardiston found her an admirable dancer and a pleasant partner. Not unnaturally her name figured frequently on his programme, and, if he had been asked, he would have readily admitted that he liked her as well as any girl he had met "except only," he would have added to himself "one."

He was selfish or thoughtless, or both in his kindness and attention to the girl. The dancing, and talking, and tennis playing during that visit and others which he made from time to time, were mere phases of amusement and good nature with him. With her they were a delight—a dangerously entrancing delight.

Then he met Mare.

The sport, if sport it really was to him, was unfair, for she was innocent and ignorant of everything, and knew of no reason against loving him; whilst he — well, he knew the impossible. He loved a woman—true she was only a Maori—but nevertheless he loved a woman as he would never love any other. There was no risk of his falling in love with the white girl; indeed he was often fain, for very homesickness and thought of Mare's loneliness, to hark back to the little Government run and slab whare even sooner than he had intended.

If he had told Lucy Fairbairn all this it

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would have been better—or worse. But he never realised that it mattered a scrap to her or that it would even interest her. Conceit formed an insignificant phase of his character. He had no particular idea of his power to please. He had no realisation of the influence he could exert over a woman. He was polite and gentle because—well, because he was the son of his mother. No child of so sweet an old lady could be anything but kind and sympathetic.

To Lucy he seemed an ideal. She attributed the undercurrent of indifference which she noticed in him to the honesty of a man who scorned to admire a woman for her money, and it stimulated her admiration. Other men crowded upon her and proposed to her, chiefly, as it seemed to her, because she was rich. But this man was different, and it was not a little through his apparent disregard of her money that he first won her affection. Gradually that affection became a worship, the worship of one who seemed to her to be a splendid man—a man whom nature had moulded in a generous mood; a man who was above everything honest; a man who, if only she could kindle the love-light in his eyes, would woo her for herself, and not for her wealth.

That was her faith in him. That was the glory of her love for him. That was the keystone of her respect for him.

Her name figured frequently on his programme.

He made no effort to analyse the girl's feelings towards him, and innocent of her worship, he sped back with a light heart to his remote up-country home. There, one day, a letter reached him that was the beginning of the second half of his life. It was from Ethel, and it told him that the income upon which the mother and she depended had been almost entirely lost. They were nearly penniless.

"You see Jack," Ethel said to him the evening he arrived in Wellington, "it's for mother I feel so much. I can manage to earn something by teaching music or painting, or I could come and keep house for you," she added.

He glanced up with a quick, startled look.

Come and keep house for him! Ah, the idea of her wishing to do that had never occurred to him. No, no it was not possible for her to come, although it did not seem easy to explain why. He was not ashamed of Mare; on the contrary he loved her, but his

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mother and Ethel would fail to understand.

Yet, what was to be done?

"There must be something we can do," he murmured.

"Perhaps. But what?" was the girl's despairing answer.

Plan after plan they discussed, and all things seemed impossible. He had put every farthing he had possessed and all he could borrow into the farm, and he knew he could render but small assistance.

In his helplessness and agony of mind the strong man clutched his hands.

"Oh, Jack, I wish ——" began the girl.

Then there was a pause. Raising his head he said:—

"Eh? What do you wish? What do you wish?"

She hesitated and flushed and then answered:—

"That you liked Lucy as much as she likes you."

"Lucy! Like me! But——"

"She—you must never tell her I told you—she loves you, Jack; and—and—if you cared for her—Oh, you know what I mean."

"She's rich and——

"But you do not care for her, perhaps."

He did not answer, and then after a little he left the house.

Bernadiston took a far tramp that afternoon, and strode along as though he were trying to escape from the shame of an idea that had come to him, and from the ring of the few words that Ethel had spoken.

He was playing with his life and the lives of three others. His mother would die unless he could find for her that which would become easy and was now utterly impossible—die, and almost of hunger and want. The grey-haired mother who had never spared a moment from toil for him when he was young, who had denied herself that he might prosper, who was now frail and weak, would have comfort and luxury and peace and rest if he married.

Marriage with Lucy Fairbairn was, in fact, the price of his mother's life, though scarcely a price most men would have quarrelled at.

Yet it was understandable in his case. The white girl was pretty and gentle, but he was bitterly loth to cut adrift from the other life.

It was a rough existence, away in the wild up-country run. The whare, with its walls of split slabs and a thatch of totara bark, its clay floor and huge fireplace and great blazing back-log was poor and humble. But he had been very happy, and Mare held the love of his whole soul.

He knew he could never care for the pakeha girl as he cared for the Maori. The latter was not his wife by the strict formalities of the law; but morally, and in his affection for her, she undoubtedly was. To leave her was to step from the quiet of comparatively perfect contentment and joy into the glare of civilisation and pleasure and—pain.

Not for an instant would he have hesitated had the choice been a free one; but, rightly or wrongly, he considered it was not. His wife—his illegal wife—or his mother; one or other of them must be sacrificed. And he chose.

"Yes, I—I always cared for her, but I—I never knew she cared for me until you told me," he said to Ethel.

They had been talking of his engagement with Lucy—or, rather, Ethel had—of which secret Wellington was now in possession and duly criticising.

"I used to think, Jack, that you would never care for me," Lucy whispered one day to him, "and that I should die an old maid. You do care for me, Jack, better than anyone in the whole world, don't you?"

"Of course I do."

"Not another girl you care for half as much as you do for me?"

"No, you know there is not, I've said it lots of times," he said, and he kissed her, and in the breath of his kisses added to himself, "Half as much—no; but a thousand times as much—one, always one."

Then he went back to his run, and lived every hour of those last few weeks.

He was saving, perhaps, his mother's life. But the cost was his happiness, and his sole consolation the thought that it was his duty. Over and over again he told himself that, until he had drilled himself to believe it. His duty was to sacrifice himself—and Mare, which did not exactly count—for his mother.

Not but what he was determined to make the girl who became his wife happy to the utmost of his power. That was more than a mere matter of duty—it was but what was just; what any man, worth calling a man, would do.

He reached Wellington a fortnight before the wedding and wrote to Mare. He had not had the courage to tell her before, and he had postponed and postponed until at last in the cold remorselessness of black and white the truth was broken to her.

She found her way somehow or another to an hotel in Wellington, and on his wedding morning a rough, ill-scrawled letter told him

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He went; and he clasped her in his arms and kissed her.

where she was and that she wished to see him.

For a while he sat pondering. He was frightened to face the Maori. It had come home to him, the wrong he was doing her. It had come home to him the wrong he was doing himself. Lucy for the moment was forgotten.

Then a call came from his mother. She was better for that day. The excitement of the wedding, the happiness of a wish fulfilled, her pride in her "big, brave boy," all tended to brighten and cheer her.

It was only some small excuse for a gentle caress that had prompted her to summon him. But as he saw her intense delight, as he noticed her pride in him, and realised the shock a disappointment would cause, he grew stronger in his purpose and felt capable of facing any ordeal with Mare for the sake of "the mother."

So he went to the hotel, and in the little antimacassared parlour he met her. She was seated over by the sofa as he entered, but she ran to him, and before he had half traversed the room she had placed her hands on his shoulders and felt him clasp her to him. He stooped and kissed her passionately again and again.

In the supreme moment of meeting he had failed to notice her manner. Presently it struck him and he wondered. He had looked for tears and appeals, and instead she only asked him to tell her everything, the whole of his trouble—she seemed to have none of her own to consider.

He told her. He told her as kindly and as gently as he could. At first he was conscious that underlying his story was an appeal to her to sympathise with and help him. Before he had finished he had grown once more weak of purpose and strong in his love. He told her he was ready to go back with her, back to the old life, back to the whare and the dogs and the pigs and the fowls and—his love.

She drew a deep breath as he finished. Her eyes lit. The woman in her was for the instant triumphant. Her jealousy had vanished in the knowledge that he loved her beyond, far, far beyond the white woman.

"It's been a mistake, Mare, my mistake. I'll not add this to it," he said.

"You will come, Tiaki? You will come back to me?" she asked.

"Yes, yes."

"It is well. I am happy," she murmured.

For a moment there was silence.

"But you are not coming back," she added presently, "for you cannot."

"I have spoken," he answered.

"Nay, it is for me to speak, not you. I see. I understand. It is not for you to think of yourself; it is not for me to think of myself. It is your mother, Tiaki. She would not love me for her son's wife. Tell me; it would—kill her?"

"No, no, don't ask that!"

"It would kill her?" she repeated. "You must answer," she added.

"Yes," he said slowly, "it would kill her."

"*Kati.* It is sufficient," she murmured.

"But——"

"Sh—sh. Tell me this. It would kill the white girl too if she knew the story of me? It would make her heart dark to you?"

"She must never know."

"I think, my Tiaki," the girl said slowly, "that the days of happiness are ended for you and me. It—it is easy for me. Ah yes

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quite easy for me. I see how it must be—I see my path. But you. Oh, Tiaki, it will be hard for you; for you must smile on your white wife and play what you do not feel. You must be strong for her sake and for the mother's sake, and you must laugh in your sadness."

"Mare, I can't do it, I can't. It's not for myself, it's—— Oh, was ever man put to such a choice—my mother or my love!"

For answer the Maori kissed him, and then as though the matter were finished laughed and jested and cheered him until presently she sent him away rejoicing that after all he himself was the greatest sufferer.

And as he strode homewards to slip into his wedding clothes Mare sat by the sofa rocking to and fro and crying the Maori wail of distress.

* * * *

The wedding, one of the grandest functions of its kind during that session, was over. Amidst showers of rice and old shoes and congratulations the happy pair had left for the little seaside hotel at Porirua. They had dinner, and in their private sitting-room the day of their wedding drew to its close.

He was seated in a low armchair before the fire, gazing and gazing far into the glowing embers and away and away beyond. Lucy was on a stool by his knees leaning against him. One of his arms she had drawn round her neck, and she clasped his great brown hand in hers. As beautiful a bride she was as ever man could wish. Love, tender, passionate love, dwelt in the full, bright glance of those fair eyes. She was his and he was hers, and she knew her happiness and she thought she knew his.

Poor empty thought. In his pocket was a letter that Mare must have posted soon after he had left her, which had arrived at the hotel even before he had. It was an ill-written note, and had Lucy seen it she would never have understood. It was in Maori, and it read, phrase for phrase, thus:—

"To Tiaki,

"Friend, salutations. This will reach you at the place where you and your wahine are stopping. I have thought over the things you told me. They are good. I have thought over your marrying the rich woman, and it is well. Your mother wants money. I have thought over this, and your marrying is right. It is right to leave your Maori wife who has no money.

"Friend, this is my word to you. It is not well to have two wives. If the pakeha woman learnt that your other wife was alive her heart would grow dark and you would be unhappy. Therefore it is right that you should have only one wife, and not be made unhappy.

"Friend, my word to you is that it is right for you to have one wife, therefore,

He was seated in an armchair before the fire, with Lucy on a stool by his knees.

because of the trouble that I am to you I will die.

"This is my word. Enough.

"God bless you. MARE."

The waiter had brought him the letter as he stood in the sitting-room. As fortune would have it Lucy was in the adjoining room taking off her hat and cloak.

As Bernardiston saw the handwriting on the envelope he was sensible of an impending catastrophe. He recognised the rudely formed lettering, and knew that Mare must have written immediately after he had left her. The thought—an unworthy thought—flashed across him that the Maori in her jealousy, had written threateningly. He was conscious, as he tore open the envelope, of a feeling of anger which quickly faded as he read the epistle.

For a few moments he stood staring at the signature, and then slowly, and with a sigh that was almost a sob, his hand fell to his side.

Mare dead! Mare dead!

Once again he read the blurred, smudged lines. He passed his hand across his brow, he pressed his eyes as though to shut out the horror that had come upon him.

Mare dead! His Mare! His love—ah no. What right had he to think of her as his love now that he was married?

Yet Mare de——!

"Oh, my God," he murmured, "surely I had been punished sufficiently without this."

In his mind's eye he could see it all. He could picture the girl's belief in the good she would be doing him. He remembered now her remark that her path was easy. He could understand now her gaiety. He realised to the full the truth of her reflection that his lot was likely to be a harder one than hers.

She had killed herself—killed herself that he might be relieved of the shadow of her existence. Probably she had drowned herself. Probably at that very moment she was floating on the waters of Wellington harbour.

He heard the rustle of a woman's skirt on the far side of the bedroom door. Then came a rattle of the handle, and as Lucy entered the room he crushed the letter in his fist and thrust it into his pocket.

With a stupendous effort he was himself as the girl came up to him. She laid her hand on his arm. He stooped and kissed her.

And now they sat by the fire—he wrestling in the supreme crisis of his life; she, his wife, peacefully and gently nestling by his side.

Long and long was the silence. Then the logs of the fire fell with a miniature crash and a shower of sparks shot up the wide chimney. It shattered the spell of silence, and Lucy spoke softly and slowly.

"Jack, were there many Maoris up at the little place where you used to live?"

"Not many."

"I'm so glad."

"Indeed! Why?"

"I don't like the Maoris, I think they're horrid creatures; don't you?"

"Horrid, horrid! Great Heavens! Yes, yes, I suppose they are," he said, and he laughed a laugh of intense bitterness.

It was the true dawn of the realisation of what had been and of what must be; and for an instant there was anger in his heart against the woman at his side. Then he remembered her innocence and her love and he stooped and kissed her.

"God help me," he prayed softly, "God help me to love her and to make her happy."

And she wondered at the shadow of sorrow across his face, and a fear came upon her lest he was regretting that he had wedded her.

"Yet not that, not that. For he loves me—better than anyone in the whole world he loves me. He has told me so, and when two hearts love there can't be regret, there can't be sorrow."

True, perhaps. But yet—it was not Mare's experience.

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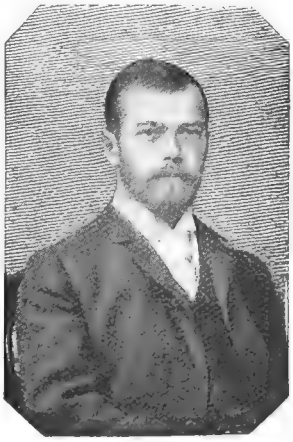
SOME PEOPLE AND THEIR PARENTS

His Father.

Sir John Lubbock.

His Mother.

His Father.



The Czar of Russia.

His Mother.

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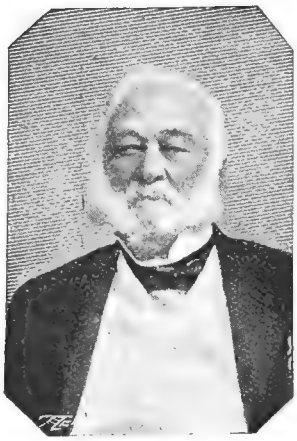


His Father.

Sir J. Blundell Maple.

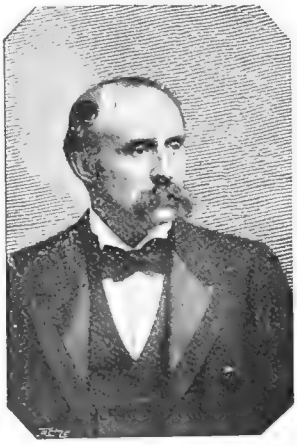
His Mother.

Her Father.

Mrs. Besant.

Her Mother.

His Father.



Douglas Sladen.

His Mother.

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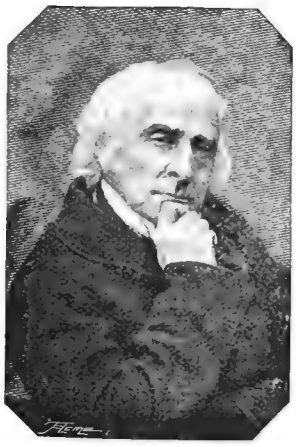

His Father.

Lord Wantage, V.C.

His Mother.

Her Father.

Miss Fanny Moody.

Her Mother.

His Father.

Max Pemberton.

His Mother.

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CLIQUOT THE SWORD-SWALLOWER.

By H. J. Holmes.

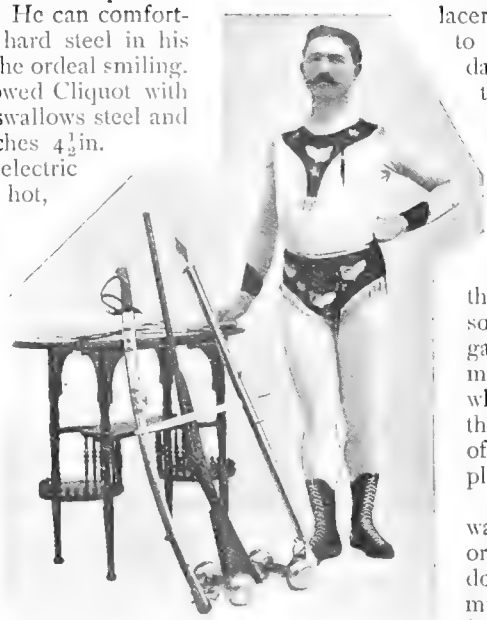
Most people are under the impression that a man who has had nine inches of cold steel through his body is of no earthly use to anybody.

Chevalier Cliquot, however, is a very substantial contradiction to the popular belief. For twenty-one years he has had the almost daily experience of having considerably more than the usual allowance of 9ins. of steel through his body, and, far from being of no earthly use, he apparently thrives upon his remarkable performance. He can comfortably stow 22ins. of fine hard steel in his interior, and come out of the ordeal smiling.

None of us have swallowed Cliquot with as much gusto as Cliquot swallows steel and other trifles, such as watches 4½in. in circumference, and electric lamps, which are certainly hot, but scarcely savoury.

Twenty-one years ago Cliquot — he was not Cliquot then, merely plain Fred McLane — had as much difficulty in swallowing a hot potato as any other lad of his age. Just about that time, however, he became circus mad, and ran away from a comfortable home in Chicago to join a circus *en route* for South America.

Cliquot may have aspired to become a King of the Ring as a bareback rider, or mayhap he might have risen to the glorious height of a tumbling clown with bad jokes and worse attire. But in Buenos Ayres his future was settled, for there he met a very respectable sword-swallower, and was so struck with the startling way in which that gentleman disposed of feet of steel, that he there and then determined to become a disciple of the gentle art. He boldly asked the receptacle of articles of war if he would take him on as an apprentice, but, owing to the fact that Cliquot had not the wherewithal to meet a demand for fees, the indentures were never signed.



Cliquot and some of his apparatus.

Nothing daunted, however, the young enthusiast set to work with a long piece of thick silver wire, and succeeded in the course of a few hours' training in lacerating his æsophagus to an extent that a few days' rest was imperative. He soon commenced again and presently threw aside the wire for something more bulky in the shape of a bayonet. He started experiments in throat hardening, and soon found the correct gargle, a mysterious mixture which includes whisky and glycerine, that made the progress of the weapon he employed less painful.

In nine months he was able to get an ordinary sword 14in. down his throat, but much yet remained before he could reasonably expect an engagement as a professional. Cliquot informed the writer that it was only after five years' hard and consistent training and experiments that he felt thoroughly satisfied with his own performance. Of course, in the meantime he had appeared in public, and with success, for then, as now, the art of genuine sword swallowing was only followed

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Cliquot with 22ins. of a cavalry sword inside of him.

by a few, and, as a novelty, was always in demand.

Cliquot's performance, as it is, is one of the most remarkable and extraordinary that has ever been given to the public. The writer recently "assisted" as a member of a committee, formed from amongst the audience as a guarantee that the different facts were thoroughly genuine. Seated within a few feet of the artist, the committee could not fail to notice if anything of a "faked" character was introduced. There is not the slightest doubt that the "act" was conducted throughout in a perfectly *bonâ fide* manner.

Medical authorities allow that the passage of the throat will admit, upon demand, and with the aid of a little gentle persuasion at the hands of an experienced person, the introduction of an instrument fourteen inches long, and three-quarters of an inch in circumference. Such a feat to Cliquot is as nought. It is not the smallest inconvenience to him to introduce a sword twenty-two inches long, and he can very comfortably swallow a watch no less than five inches in circumference. That is why the medical profession regard him as a phenomenon of the age, and why its members are always eager to persuade Cliquot to undergo examinations.

Cliquot takes much humorous satisfaction out of a remark once passed by an astonished physician: "You are outraging Nature, sir; she is probably biding her time; and, sir, mark my words," he continued darkly, "her revenge will be all the more terrible when it comes!" Cliquot appears to think that, after a period of twenty-one years, it is not unreasonable to suspect that Nature feels she has been conquered for once!

Digesting a sword bayonet.

Amongst the many remarkable features of Cliquot's performance is the swallowing of a bayonet-sword, 19in. long. When this has reached its destination a rifle is fixed to the hilt, pointing upwards, and fired. The performer sometimes allows the sword to remain about half-way down until the rifle is fired, when the recoil of the weapon on being fired promptly sends the sword upon the remainder of its journey. Being curious to know what sensation this little "extra" created I was informed by the Chevalier that he felt no pain whatever.

A rifle attached to a bayonet.

Another striking effect is produced by the performer swallowing a 22in. sword, across the hilt of which a bar extends. Upon the ends of this bar are hung a couple of dumb-bells, the entire weight being 76lb. Cliquot bears this burden as cheerfully as possible, and seems rather sorry when, after the space of several minutes, the weights are removed.

But one sword is apparently not considered good enough for the swallowing capacity of this remarkable man. He must needs do something to convince his audience of the extent to which his throat can expand

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Having swallowed the bayonet halfway, the rifle is fired, and the recoil thrusts the bayonet home.

under pressure; and expand it certainly does when he inserts at one time through a gaping mouth no fewer than four 19-inch swords. These are no sooner settled down than he, quick as lightning, snatches them, one by one, and with no tender wrench, from his throat, showering them about the stage in a bewildering fashion.

The strangest thing about these feats is that Cliquot, with nineteen inches of stiff steel run like a skewer through his body, can bend about in a most sinuous fashion. What happens inside during these genuflexions is more than most people care to imagine. For a moment Cliquot's interior must often feel intensely surprised at the liberties taken with it.

Two dumbbells of over 30lb. each are swung on a crowbar fixed to a bayonet.

In connection with this feat of becoming a sheath for four swords at once, Cliquot tells a story of a member of the medical profession who was present at a private "show." Evidently incredulous that the act was genuine the Didymusian medico dashed forward, seized the handles of the four blades and dragged them out in a bunch. Cliquot suffered very much in this unpleasant episode, and was so injured that he was compelled to retire for months; his life, in fact, hanging by a thread. Of course the doubting one apologised, but an apology is not soothing under such painful circumstances.

Another little item of the programme is the swallowing of a watch and chain. Cliquot swallows anybody's watch if it does not exceed five inches in circumference. At the word "Go" the watch disappears, together with most of a long chain.

The total weight of this burden is 76lb.

For no less than three minutes the watch remains "downstairs," and during this time the Committee amuse themselves by putting their ears to Cliquot's chest to hear the ticking, and undoubtedly it is heard. Meantime, the performer, holding the end of the chain between his teeth, calmly puffs away at a cigarette.

The *bon bouche* of the programme, in every sense of the word, is the descent into Cliquot's interior of a sword, at the point of which is fitted a sixteen-candle power electric lamp. All the lights in the house are turned out to allow the audience to be edified by the glow of the lamp which penetrates through the throat and the upper part of tne chest. The lamp is worked by an 8-volt battery on the stage.

Cliquot offers to forfeit £500 if he fails to swallow any ordinary sword, and this

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This sword has a 16 candle-power lamp at the end.

announcement made from the stage each evening does not fail to attract those who would grasp the good red gold. In Sunderland a man rose in the audience and defied Cliquot to swallow a sword which the stranger displayed. It was handed upon the stage, when the Committee soon discovered that the weapon, a cavalry sabre, had been sharpened especially for the occasion. Now, Cliquot makes it no part of the bargain to swallow a sword with a razor edge. The Committee promptly protested, and when it was pointed out to the audience that the gold-seeker had plainly sharpened the sword for "this occasion only," they were very indignant, and the stranger had a bad quarter of an hour in consequence. However, to put an end to the unpleasantness Cliquot got hold of the sword and it went on the usual journey of exploration. Needless to say the audience responded to a man.

Some years ago Cliquot was travelling from Denver, Colorado, to San Francisco, a straying cow got on the railway line. It "was bad for the coo," of course, but the train was derailed. Cliquot had to complete the journey in a relief car, and, having to open the same night, he found, to his horror that his baggage had been left behind. He was compelled to go on for his act in his ordinary clothes, while the implements of his profession had to be substituted by a collection of swords from a neighbouring military barracks.

This was bad enough, but after all the weapons were in good condition, and, if a little strange in size and weight, nevertheless were capable of being easily swallowed.

Much more serious difficulties, however, have arisen, and more than once Cliquot has found himself within measureable distance of a serious mishap.

On one occasion the sword he was using proved to be a worthless piece of metal, little better than a bit of hoop iron. He had swallowed it pretty well up to the hilt, and, as is his wont, was moving about the while he acted as a sheath to the weapon.

In some unaccountable way, and owing to the inferior quality of the steel, the sword suddenly bent. The moment Cliquot proceeded to draw it out he realised the unfortunate position he was in. The slightest movement of the bent weapon caused the most intense suffering. But it had to come. Gradually, with infinite care, and in spite of terrible agony, the treacherous blade was withdrawn, and, although the pain was great, Cliquot was happy to discover that no really serious injury had been done to him.

Ostriches are credited with a marvellous capacity for stowing away within them all manner of curious and wonderful things.

Cliquot swallows it, and, all lights being lowered, the glow of the lamp is seen through his throat and the upper part of his chest.

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Pebbles and stones of no small size are often found in their stomachs, and, without actually growing fat, they seem to thrive on such indigestible fare.

Cliquot makes no pretence to emulate these big and somewhat foolish birds in the sense of swallowing, for the purpose of digestion or otherwise, such things as they might relish. Upon one occasion, however, he involuntarily came nigh to having a distinctly unwholesome morsel to digest in the shape of a watch. He had borrowed it in the usual way, and, after examining it, quickly popped it into his mouth, and, retaining a hold of it by the chain, he swallowed it. Presently he proceeded to draw it out from its strange resting place, when, in some extraordinary manner, it became detached from the chain, and was left sticking in Cliquot's æsophagus.

Cliquot will swallow anybody's watch, provided it does not exceed 5ins. in diameter.

The position was distinctly critical, and the removal of the watch proved to be a very delicate operation. However, it was successfully accomplished, and fortunately the victim of the mishap proved to be in no way injured.

Watches have many queer tricks. Everyone is more or less acquainted with their vagaries in endeavouring to lose or gain upon the very slightest excuse. Cliquot had another adventure with a watch, and an even more unpleasant—although possibly not so dangerous—an experience as the one I have just related.

He had swallowed an ordinary peaceful and harmless looking watch. Suddenly, for no reason that he can explain, the glass broke. Possibly the sudden warmth shivered it. Yet no other glass had behaved in the same way. It need scarcely be said that whatever the cause was, Cliquot has no desire to go through such an experience again.

The other night Cliquot enjoyed the unique privilege of swallowing a sword that had done good service in the battle of Omdurman.

While fulfilling an engagement at Ronacher's in Vienna, Cliquot attended a special gathering of doctors and professors from all the hospitals in the Austrian capital. He went through his performance, and, needless to relate, he took more than ordinary pains to astonish his audiences. He was afterwards examined by the most eminent of Austria's medical specialists, who pronounced him a modern marvel.

Photo by Charles Reid, Wishaw.

Five Little Blue Tits.

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By J. Montgomery M'Govern.

To one of a scientific turn of mind—and even to many who are not—no place within the environs of New York is more interesting than the American branch of the Pasteur Institute, situated a few miles from the city. The most attractive place in the Institute, either to the scientific investigator or to the casual visitor, is the little menagerie, away up on the top floor, which rivals and in many respects surpasses in interest the big "Zoo" in Central Park.

The Pasteur "Zoo" is of course not one-third as large as the one in Central Park, and indeed, it is only when the physicians of the Institute are involuntarily resting from their scientific research that they allude to this little collection of domesticated animals as the "Zoological Gardens." However, no collection of animals, however large, will better repay a visit than this little group under the charge of Dr. Paul Gibier.

A prize bulldog pup under treatment.

Of course, all the animals at the Pasteur Institute are there in the interest of science, and the treatment undergone by them is more for the benefit of the human race than for their own good. They have been sent from all parts of the United States by men interested in the work of the Institute.

Some of the animals at the "Pasteur Institute" are obliged to undergo an exactly opposite course of treatment from that administered by Dr. Gibier, the Director of the Institute, and his assistants to the others. Fortunate are those animals which are considered sufficiently valuable to be treated by the Prophylactic method. This mode of treatment—certainly the most humane, as far as the animals are concerned—consists of injecting into their veins a minute portion of the hydrophobia virus, to prevent the possibility of their ever contracting rabies, even if they should at any time afterwards be bitten by a mad dog or other rabid animal.

This treatment is, in fact, a sort of hydrophobia vaccination, and many owners of valuable animals send the latter to the Pasteur Institute to be thus "vaccinated." At the time of writing this article, two valuable bull-pups are undergoing the "preventive" method of treatment at the Zoo. Neither of them is over four weeks old; one is valued at £200, the other at a sum almost as large. It is said

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by the physicians at the Institute that the younger a dog or other animal is when it is

Four valuable dogs in course of inoculation.

thus inoculated the better and more certain are the results.

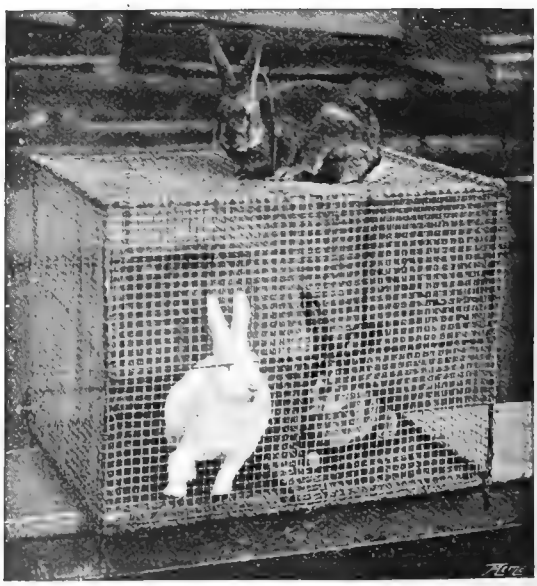
Two setters are among the canine colony—big fellows with dreamy eyes and soft, silky coats. They are both extremely musical in their tastes, and are occasionally allowed in the parlour of the Institute while singing and playing are being indulged in by the physicians and convalescent patients. This day is known to the doctors as "Campanini." There is also a prize white rabbit, valued at an enormous sum by its owner, which has been sent to this fashionable "animal hospital"—as this portion of the Pasteur Institute is sometimes termed—to be inoculated against the possibility of hydrophobia.

Several sheep add interest to the "Zoo." They are undergoing a course of treatment for lockjaw. This treatment, of course—like that undergone by the dogs—is for the prevention of disease, not for its cure, as all diseases of the character of lockjaw and hydrophobia are beyond cure within a few days after their inception. If danger of such a disease is suspected, its development can always be arrested by prompt inoculation, but if the disease is allowed to become well developed, treatment is of absolutely no avail.

None of the animals at the Pasteur Institute that have been inoculated for these diseases can ever contract them. It is the same with human beings. Inoculation in time saves the patient's life—whether human or animal. Only the lower animals are usually inoculated simply as a preventive measure (both in the interest of science and their own interest) before there is even a suspicion that they have been bitten by a rabid animal; while a man or woman seldom cares to undergo the disagreeable experience of hydrophobia inoculation unless he thinks there is a possibility of his having contracted the disease through the bite of some animal already afflicted with it. It must, however, be a wise precaution if people were as generally inoculated with the virus of rabies as a preventive of hydrophobia as they are with the vaccine virus as a safeguard against smallpox.

The physicians of the Pasteur Institute always prefer experimenting with new virus upon one of the lower animals in order to test its strength and efficacy before attempting to use it in the treatment of human patients.

The canine patients at the Institute, while undergoing the inoculative treatment for the prevention of hydrophobia, are usually quite sick—some, of course, being more seriously affected than others. After the virus has begun to take effect in their systems, they become irritable and "snappish." They lose



Prize rabbits sent to the Institute to be inoculated.

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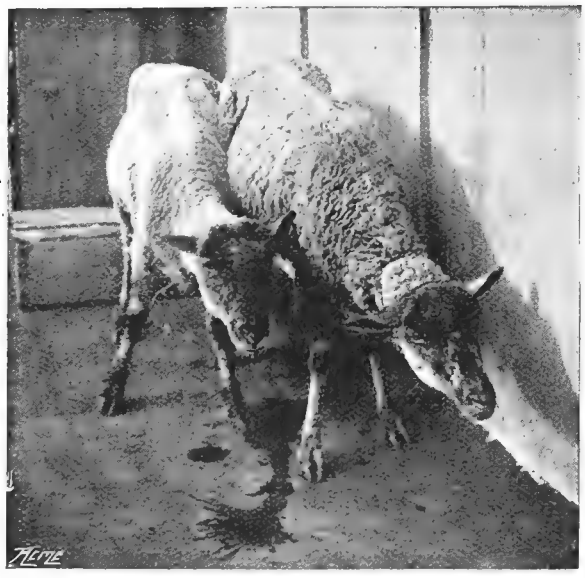
their appetite and their interest in canine sports, and in every way exhibit symptoms — more or less marked—of the disease itself—hydrophobia. The violence of these symptoms, however, abates within a few days, and by the time the dog is discharged from the Institute, he is none the worse for his experience there, and insured during the remainder of his life of immunity from hydrophobia.



Valuable sheep under treatment for the prevention of lockjaw.

Doubtless the most interesting patients (from an interesting standpoint, at least) in the Pasteur Institute at present are the tiny dumb creatures which are being "treated" by a method very different from that undergone by the sheep and valuable dogs in the Institute, and with a different object in view by the physicians in charge. They are the rabbits and guinea-pigs which are inoculated with the virus of hydrophobia, not as a preventive of that dreaded disease, but in order that they may become infected and finally die of rabies. This, of course, is in the interest of science, but the tiny, helpless creatures are martyrs none the less, and the look of fear and suffering in their pathetic eyes goes straight to the heart of any visitor approaching their cage. One cannot help thinking that vivisection is, after all, not the most cruel form of torture to which animals can be subjected, for that, at least, is more quickly over than a lingering death of hydrophobia.

"Martyrs to Science," however, there must be, and these are the little creatures which furnish the serum that is used to inoculate human beings and valuable animals. This virus or serum is obtained by killing the rabbits and guinea-pigs with the disease for which a cure is wanted by man. The process is a comparatively simple one. When virus is needed for the treatment—or, rather, the prevention—of hydrophobia, the rabbit or the guinea-pig is inoculated in the head with virus taken from the brain or the spinal marrow of an animal that has died of hydrophobia. Within a few days the rabbit begins to show signs of the development of the disease, becomes restless and evidently nervous, and continues day by day to grow more so.

At the end of a week the little creature is running almost ceaselessly about its cage. Its eyes have lost their frightened, pleading expression, and have become ferocious in their unnatural glare. At this stage the rabbit, contrary to its instincts and former habits, will bite savagely at any person or other animal that comes near it, and will attempt (vainly, of course) to gnaw through the bars of its cage.

Guinea pigs destined to be sacrificed as martyrs to science.

Hydrophobia is now well developed. The crazed agony of the little creature at this time is pitiful, and it is difficult for the spectator to resist the temptation of giving the poor creature one sharp blow with his walking-stick or umbrella, and thus putting a merciful end to its suffering. However, if the disease is allowed to run its cruel course, paralysis shows itself within a few days (two or three), after

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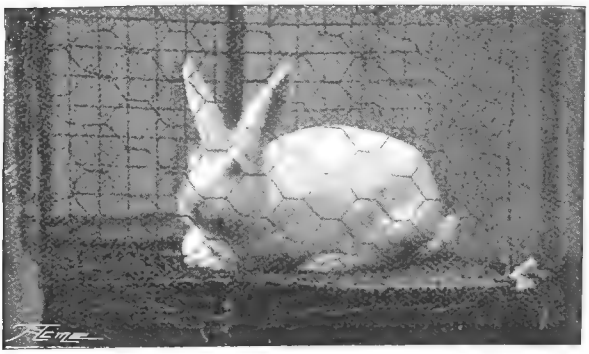
the violent stage has set in. Another day, and the poor little creature is dead.

Then the virus is taken from its brain and spinal cord, and, after various refining treatments, is used for the inoculation of human patients, its strength being first tested upon dogs or sheep.



A white rabbit destined to die of hydrophobia.

That the Pasteur Institute for Hydrophobia has proved eminently successful is proved by the statistics of the last seven years. Of the 955 patients who have been inoculated, only five have died—a proportion of half of one per cent.

The course of treatment is not over rapid. Usually it extends over a period of two weeks. The virus employed is at the outset weak. Gradually it is strengthened until the cure is completed.

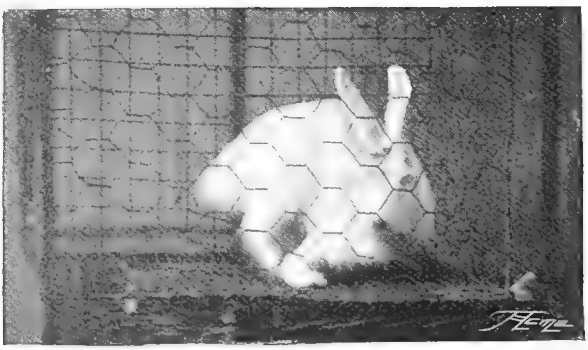
Such an institution as the Pasteur Institute does not, of course, confine its operations to the one problem of hydrophobia. Terrible as this disease is, it unhappily has an even worse rival in consumption. In its actual operation the latter complaint is less fearful to behold, less sudden, and less agonising. At the same time it is far more universal. The victims of consumption throughout the world are legion, and a cure for the malady would indeed be a boon to mankind.

Dr. Paul Gibier, the Director of the Pasteur Institute, is experimenting with a new cure which it is believed will revolutionise the treatment of the disease. Like the treatment for tetanus, diphtheria, hydrophobia, and other diseases of that character, a serum of the cultures of the disease will be used.

So wonderful in most cases have been the results attained by this method of attacking disease that very possibly Dr. Gibier may succeed in his endeavour. Time and profound research are necessary, and both will be given without stint.

The laboratory of the New York Pasteur Institute is said to be the finest of its kind in the country. The most elaborate and costly apparatus is employed for the culture of disease germs.

To the uninformed, unscientific person there is something appalling in the knowledge that here millions upon millions of disease germs are cultivated every year—that "this bottle contains perhaps a million germs of lockjaw;" "this one as many again of consumption."



The same animal in the throes of hydrophobic madness.

Strangely enough the germ of hydrophobia — perhaps the disease principally treated at the Institute—has never been "cultivated."

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No. 1.—"Standing-room only" for John Bull in the year 2836. If the population of the United Kindom continue to increase as it has during the present century there will be only one square yard of land for each person at the end of 937 years from now.

STANDING-ROOM ONLY.

By J. Holt Schooling.

If anyone had said at the beginning of the nineteenth century that our home population of under sixteen millions (for the whole of the United Kingdom) in the year 1801, was to grow into a home population of over forty millions before the end of the century, besides supplying all our colonies with fresh stock, and foreign countries with numerous residents, that "anyone" would then, I fancy, have been bluntly called a liar; especially as the long Anglo-French war of 1793—1815 did not look encouraging to a large increase of population. But our home population in this year 1899 is approximately forty and a half millions.

Before we look ahead to see when it will become a case of "Standing-room Only" for the future inhabitants of these islands, we will glance back into the past and make a short comparison of our past and present populations. Some of the information as to our earlier populations is, of course, only approximately correct, for prior to 1801 we did not count heads in our present systematic way.

I have chosen the following dates as regards our past population:

A.D.		Population of the Islands that are now the United Kingdom.	A.D.		Population of the Islands that are now the United Kingdom.
1066	The Norman Conquest...	3½ mills.	1625	„ „ Charles I. ...	7 mills.
1272	Accession of Edward I. ...	3¾ „	1714	„ „ George I. ...	9½ „
1509	„ „ Henry VIII.	5½ „	1837	„ „ Victoria ...	25½ „

By this selection, which is illustrated in diagram No. 2, we cover the period from the Norman Conquest to our own times, and we represent Normans, Plantagenets, Tudors, Stuarts, Hanoverians, and Britons, including in the gaps all the other miscellaneous nationalities and races that have combined in past centuries to produce the great British public of A.D. 1899.

The increase of our population in past times which has just been set out in figures, is rather forcibly put before your eyes in diagram No. 2, where we specially notice the big increase that occurred during the 123 years that passed between the accession of the Hanoverian King George I., and the accession of the British Queen Victoria. In this diagram the area of the circle which surrounds the head of each of the sovereigns named is in proportion to the size of the population at the various dates stated.

Looking at Diagram No. 3, we see a similar suggestion of the great increase in our population that has occurred during the Queen's reign, and the actual figures upon which No. 3 has been drawn, are:—

A.D.		Population of the United Kingdom.
1837	Accession of Queen Victoria	25½ millions
1899	Present time	40½ „

This increase of population has, of course, been accompanied by an increase in the *density* of population, there is less space for each of us—for these islands are practically the same size now as in the year of the Norman Conquest. This feature of increase

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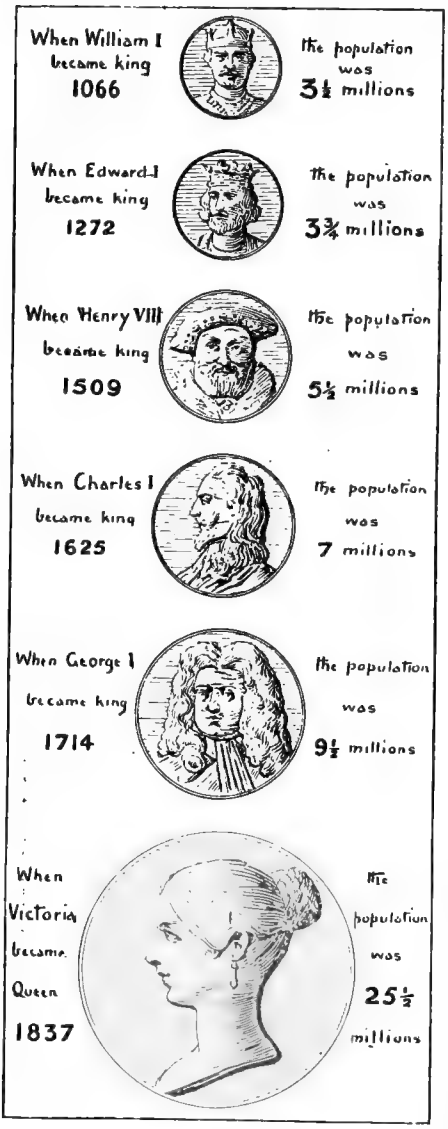
in the density of population is illustrated in Diagrams Nos. 4 and 5, which are based on the following figures:—

A.D.		Number of persons to one square mile of land in the United Kingdom.
1066	The Norman Conquest ...	29
1272	Accession of Edward I. ...	31
1509	„ „ Henry VIII. ...	45
1625	„ „ Charles I. ...	58
1714	„ „ George I. ...	79
1837	„ „ Victoria ...	211
	and [see No. 5],	
1899	Present time	335


When William I became king 1066
The population was 3½ millions
When Edward I became king 1272
The population was 3¾ millions
When Henry VIII became king 1509
The population was 5½ millions
When Charles I became king 1625
The population was 7 millions
When George I became king 1714
The population was 9½ millions
When Victoria became Queen 1837
The population was 25½ millions

No. 3.—A glance at the Past Population of the United Kingdom from the Norman Conquest to the accession of Queen Victoria.

The gradual filling up of these islands from A.D. 1066 to A.D. 1837, is plainly seen by inspection of diagram No. 4, and the great increase in the density of our home population during the Queen's reign is shown in diagram No. 5. It is rather startling to observe this plain fact that there are now 335 of us to each square mile of land in the United Kingdom, as compared with only 211 persons to the square mile when Queen Victoria came to the throne.

Putting these facts into a different form, we get the following results:—

For every 100 persons to one square mile of land in the United Kingdom in the present year there were:

A.D.		
1066	At the Norman Conquest, only	8½ persons
1272	At the accession of Edward I., „	9 „
1509	„ „ Henry VIII., „	13½ „
1625	„ „ Charles I., „	17½ „
1714	„ „ George I., „	23½ „
1837	„ „ Victoria „	63 „

As compared with:

A.D.		
1899	Present time	100 persons

We see from the above statement that the British Public is, approximately, twelve times more numerous now than that conquered by the Norman William I.; from seven to eight times as numerous now as at the time when blustering Henry VIII. began to bully it; that the "Bridish Publig" of German George I. was less than one-quarter of its present size; and that the forceful British Public of 1899—that great WE who will be obeyed—is greater by more than one-half of that more docile British Public which welcomed Queen Victoria to her throne.

We see in No. 6, an illustration of the decrease in "standing room" that has been going on since our first starting-point. The Britons who sulked when William the Conqueror came here, had an average sulking-estate of twenty-two acres apiece; an estate that had diminished to twenty-one acres in the year 1272 when Edward I. became King. In the year 1509 there was an average allowance of fourteen acres of land for each member of the British Public, but they didn't get it—King Henry VIII. saw to that.

Having glanced over the past and present amount of space available in these islands for each member of the population, we come to the question of the future, when the increase of our population may bring about a literal condition of "Standing-room only." The condition for the present year, illustrated in No. 6, of two acres for each person is, of

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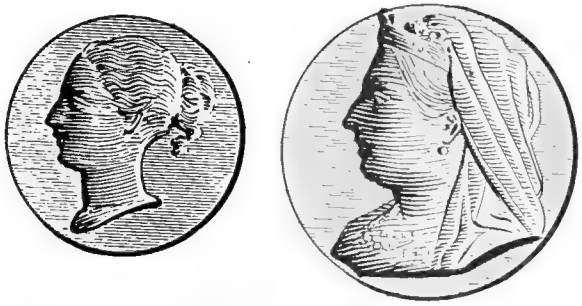


No. 3.—Showing the Present Population of the United Kingdom compared with the population in 1837.

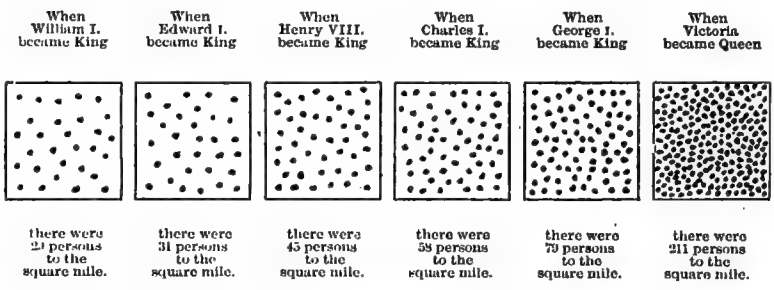
course, far removed from the possible condition of the future, when, in place of our present ample allowance of two acres, there may be only One Square Yard for each member of the future British Public.

In forecasting the future growth of our population one has as a guide only the records of the past growth, and thus any forecast as to the future must necessarily be only speculative, although as regards the near future such forecasts often prove very near the mark. For example, the method employed prior to the censuses of 1851, 1861, 1671, 1881, and 1891, in order to forecast the results of these censuses, did, in none of these five instances, result in an error greater than from two to three per 100 persons, while in four of the five forecasts the error was only from one to two persons per 100 persons. But these relatively small errors occurred in forecasts that related only to short terms of years, and in the long projected forecast we have now to make, we cannot expect to attain so close a degree of approximation to the truth.

However, I will state the facts upon which our present forecast is based, and give the results so obtained.

Average Yearly Rate of growth of population per 1000 persons during the following periods :—

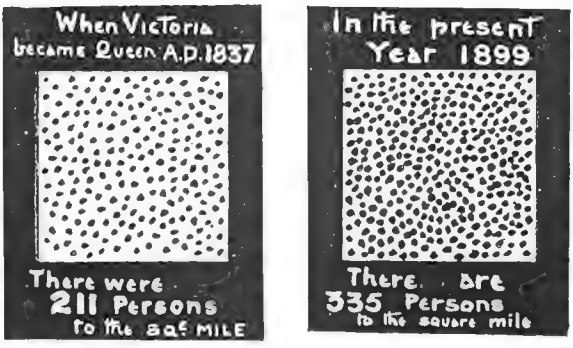
A.D.	A.D.		
1066	to 1891	The average yearly rate of growth was (nearly)	3 per 1000
1801	to 1891	The average yearly rate of growth was (nearly)	10 „ „
1841	to 1891	The average yearly rate of growth was (nearly)	7 „ „


When William I. became King
When Edward I. became King
When Henry VIII. became King
When Charles I. became King
When George I. became King
When Victoria became Queen
there were 21 persons to the square mile.
there were 31 persons to the square mile.
there were 45 persons to the square mile.
there were 58 persons to the square mile.
there were 79 persons to the square mile.
there were 211 persons to the square mile.

No. 4.—Showing gradual filling up of the United Kingdom from the Norman Conquest to the accession of Queen Victoria.

The preceding statement means that a yearly rate of growth of three per 1000 persons, applied year by year to the British Public at the time of the Norman Conquest ($3\frac{1}{2}$ millions), would cause that B.P. to grow to its size of (nearly) 38 millions at the last census of 1891.

When Victoria became Queen there were 211 persons to the square mile.


When Victoria became Queen A.D. 1837
There were 211 Persons to the SQ. MILE
In the present Year 1899
There are 335 Persons to the square mile

At the present time there are 335 persons to the square mile.

No. 5.—Showing the filling up of the United Kingdom during the Queen's reign.

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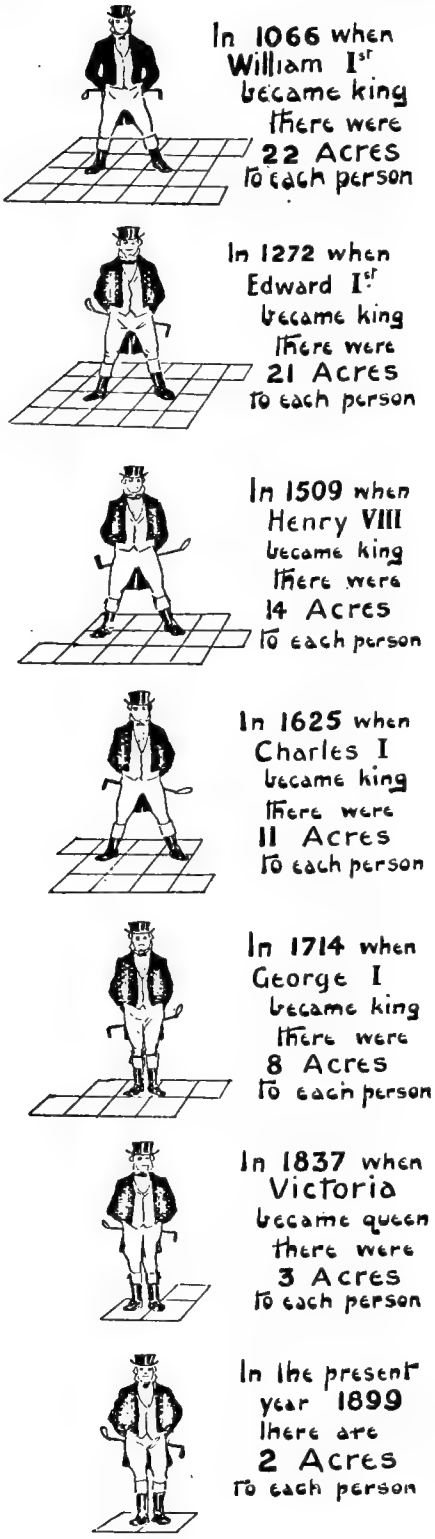
In 1066 when William I^st became king there were 22 Acres to each person
In 1272 when Edward I^st became king there were 21 Acres to each person
In 1509 when Henry VIII became king there were 14 Acres to each person
In 1625 when Charles I became king there were 11 Acres to each person
In 1714 when George I became king there were 8 Acres to each person
In 1837 when Victoria became queen there were 3 Acres to each person
In the present year 1899 there are 2 Acres to each person

No. 6.—Showing the gradual lessening in "standing-room" that has occurred in the United Kingdom from the Norman Conquest to the present year.

Similarly, that a yearly rate of growth of ten per 1000 persons, applied year by year to the British Public of 1801 (nearly 16 millions), would cause that population to grow to the number (38 millions) counted at the census of 1891.

Also, that a yearly rate of growth of seven per 1000 persons, applied year by year to the British public of A.D. 1841 (nearly 27 millions), the year 1841 being the first census year of the Queen's reign, would cause that population to grow to the 38 millions of the 1891 census.

Thus, we have now before us the past rates of growth of our population, and we can now apply each of these three rates of growth to the future, and state the results so obtained.

The first rate of growth, based on the long period between A.D. 1066 and A.D. 1891, would, if applied to the British public of the present year 1899, cause that B.P. to become so numerous in A.D. 5084 that there will be only one square yard of land in these islands for each person. Thus, on this basis, "Standing-room only" will be attained in 3185 years from now.

The second rate of growth, based on the census records for the nineteenth century (1801 to 1891), would, if applied to our present population, cause that population to grow so numerous by A.D. 2836, that there will be then only one square yard for each person. Thus, on this second basis, viz.: the basis of the nineteenth century, "Standing-room only" will be reached in only 937 years from now. This term of years is, somewhat curiously, not much in excess of the term of years which separates us from the British Public at the time of the Norman Conquest. Illustration No. 1 shows the doleful John Bull of A.D. 2836 standing on his one square yard of land—all the space which will then be left for him.

Finally, if we base our forecast upon the growth of population during the Queen's reign (the censuses of 1841-1891, a growth of seven persons per 1000 per year), we shall find that the one square yard of standing-room becomes operative in A.D. 3222, that is to say, in 2323 years from now.

In neither case are any of us likely to be present. If we were it is questionable if we should suffer any real inconvenience. The increase of our population would mean, probably, that our great cities would have become greater and our smaller towns would have become big cities. What London itself would have become is another matter—an interesting problem in itself

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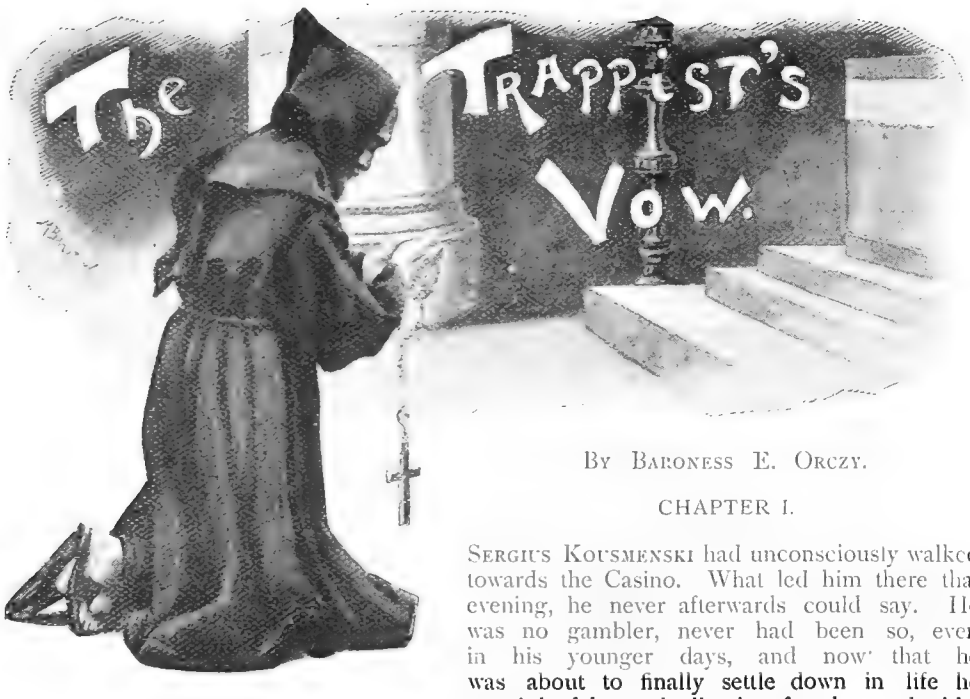

By Baroness E. Orczy.

CHAPTER I.

Sergius Kousmenski had unconsciously walked towards the Casino. What led him there that evening, he never afterwards could say. He was no gambler, never had been so, even in his younger days, and now that he was about to finally settle down in life he certainly felt no inclination for the card-table.

He was so happy to-night! Olga Kriwenko had at last definitely allowed him to fix their wedding day. Yes, he was going to marry Olga, the beautiful Pole, he, Sergius Kousmenski, governor of Warsaw, whose severe rigour against the conquered race had been so much commented upon and so highly commended in St. Petersburg. No doubt, when his intending marriage would become known, he would be asked to resign the governorship. But what of that? Olga loved him; she was young, and would transform his gloomy castle, far out there beyond the steppes, into an enchanted palace of love and beauty.

It was thus, dreaming, that his Excellency had wandered through the streets of Warsaw towards the gaily lighted Casino. The brilliancy of the place, mingled with lively music, heard faintly from within, seemed to harmonise with his pleasant frame of mind. Somebody, he forgot who, had advised him in the morning to have a look at the gamblers, male and female, who nightly filled the rooms. Sergius Kousmenski went in. The porters and attendants bowed respectfully to His Excellency, and a good many astonished looks followed the dreaded governor, as he ascended the wide, carpetted stairs.

In the gaming room at first all seemed noise, bustle, and agitation. A confusion of tongues greeted Sergius's ears as he entered, while a military band stationed at one end was playing Russian patriotic songs. Men and women alike were crowding around the tables, where every description of games of chance were being carried on.

Sergius Kousmenski watched the players nearest to him for some little time, then his attention was drawn towards the further end of the room where "va banque" was being played.

"Va banque" is the simplest means of parting with money, and is much favoured in Russia. The banquier merely deals to each player and to himself a card. Each player then stakes; the cards are turned up, and those whose cards are of lesser value than the banquier's lose their stakes to him, while he in his turn pays those whose cards turn out to be of greater value than his own.

A flat-faced Russian was holding the bank. He seemed excited and anxious. Probably he was losing heavily, Sergius thought, for a lady, whose face he could not see (her back was turned towards him) had a large heap of gold and notes by her side, while the banquier's pile seemed sadly diminished. Sergius caught himself wondering who the lucky winner was. He saw very little of her, only an exquisitely gloved hand from time to time.

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Then she turned and faced him, and their eyes met.

The banquier had started a fresh deal, while Sergius full of curiosity endeavoured to get a closer view of the lady.

"Six hundred roubles," she said in a melodious voice that made Sergius Kousmenski start, and set his pulses throbbing violently.

It was Olga's voice! His Olga! What was she doing here in this gambling den? His *fiancée*, his would-be wife!

He had turned very pale, and made strenuous efforts to get a nearer view of the woman over there, who was a gambler and yet had Olga's voice. He stood close behind her now, so close he might have touched her shoulder, and he could distinctly see the card she was holding, and the pile of gold, 600 roubles, lying in front of her.

It all seemed like a dream that the beautiful girl he loved, the one, whose rigid devotions so often had caused him to smile, should be sitting in the Casino, gambling among the *roués* and *demi-mondaines* of Warsaw.

The dealer now turned up an ace, the highest card possible; the players had lost, and all the piles of gold, Olga's included, were swept away in favour of the banquier. Sergius could not see her face, but the hand that once more put up the stake, a heavier one this time, trembled slightly. Everyone had been very astonished when the unknown lady lost: "She always wins," was whispered among the crowd.

"Always!" she often came here then, and her presence at the tables was a familiar one to this rabble!

The game proceeded—Olga lost again. Sergius could not help being glad; perhaps if she lost all she would go away, and he would beg of her never to return again. Her manner had become a little more excited, and her hand was now trembling visibly as she again and again put up sum after sum of money, only to see it each time gathered up by the dealer's indiscriminating rake.

Her luck had obviously turned—she was losing hard.

The crowd was becoming deeply interested, and many a comment, not wholly sympathetic, was passed upon Olga's ill-luck. Sergius heard them, and it made his heart ache and his cheeks flush with shame.

"Some luck in love," said one of the bystanders, laughingly, "that's why the cards are playing her false."

Olga had now only a pile of bank notes in front of her. Most of the other players had stopped, some were leaving the table, and she remained for the time almost isolated. One man—her immediate neighbour—had just risen, and as he did so, Sergius, whose very soul was in his eyes, caught sight of a card—the ace of hearts—lying just underneath her chair; it had dropped there, probably by accident. Sergius wondered that nobody

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else saw it; he wondered if Olga did. No! for she apparently did not, either, notice her handkerchief, which also at that moment dropped on to the floor. She was evidently too excited and too much intent upon the game. She seemed to have resolved to place all the remnant of her wealth upon this last chance; after she had staked, she stood to lose or win some 90,000 roubles. Sergius did not take his eyes off her. She was very pale and her eyes looked hard and set. He had noticed the card that had been dealt to her; it was a "seven," a comparatively low one, and the chances of her winning seemed to Sergius very remote.

The bystanders had transferred their attention to the dealer, only Sergius was looking with a certain amount of sympathy at Olga's hand which was twitching nervously. She looked for her handkerchief, noticed she had dropped it, and stooped slightly to pick it up. The next moment the banquier turned up his card: it was a queen.

"I pay king or ace," he said.

"You pay me?" said Olga quietly, as she turned up her card—the ace of hearts.

Sergius looked at her; she seemed ready to faint as the dealer, with a muttered curse, counted out 90,000 roubles to her. He did not at first understand it all, for he had distinctly seen that she held a "seven;" till presently he chanced to look upon the floor—the card from there had disappeared.

When he looked up again, Olga had collected her money, her gloves, her handkerchief and had risen to go. Then she turned and faced him, and their eyes met.

She knew he had seen all, he met her look of terror with one of such unutterable contempt, that she closed her eyes to shut out the fearful vision.

When she opened them again he was gone.

CHAPTER II.

YES! he had gone, fled he knew not whither, to hide his desolation and shame even from those who knew it not. Instinctively he had directed his steps towards the outer gates of the city, and having passed them, he was walking through the fields that led to the Trappist monastery, yonder by the hillside. The small cemetery belonging to the convent was lying peaceably in the moonlight, and the little chapel stood quite close with its stained glass windows illumined from within by the perpetual lamp that is for ever kept burning before the high altar.

As Sergius looked before him, he suddenly saw Olga at the further end of the field. She was walking very briskly, and a few moments afterwards had disappeared into the chapel.

Sergius hesitated a moment. Should he follow her? Ah! yes! and speak to her, and perhaps dispel this horrid dream, and wake

The newcomer appeared to be a young man.

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up to find reality, to find her once more pure, true, and honourable.

He ran across the field and pushed open the heavy, panelled oak door. All within the chapel seemed love and peace. A monk, in his quaint pointed hood and gown, was absorbed in devotions before the high altar, and another figure—a woman's—was there, on her knees, laying bare her soul before God and sobbing bitterly. Ah! how Sergius' heart went out to her then! How he longed the next moment to take her in his arms, but she rose, and touched the kneeling monk on the shoulder.

He walked up to the small sacristy door, and beckoned to an unknown person within, who then stepped out, while the monk, waiting, stood like one of the statues carved in stone upon the altar.

The newcomer appeared to be a young man. He held out both his hands to Olga, who took them in both hers.

Forgotten seemed her grief, her remorse. She talked excitedly to him for a few moments, then she poured into his hand the bag of gold and notes she had won at the gaming table.

The young man kissed her affectionately, whilst the monk's hand was placed on her head in token of a blessing.

Sergius saw it all. He tottered as if intoxicated. He would have rushed forward and killed them all on the spot, but his feet refused to move and red clouds rolled before his eyes.

The next moment all three had disappeared within the sacristy, and he found his way out and across the fields towards the city—the city Warsaw, of which he was governor. His Excellency Sergius Kousmenski!—bah! what a mockery—he, a broken-hearted man who had given his life to a wanton and a cheat.

He waited about in the fields. Was it in the hope of seeing her again? If so, what would he say to her—what questions would he ask?

She stood with her hands clasped, her rosary between her fingers.

She came out of the chapel some two or three hours later, the hooded monk closing the heavy doors after her, and walked rapidly in the direction of the city.

It was almost broad daylight, and presently from the monastery chapel a soft toned bell began to toll the Angelus.

Olga paused; like all Poles she was a devout Catholic, and she stood in the middle of the field to say her morning prayer to the Virgin Mary, while, from within the chapel now distant, came faintly the monotonous chant of the monks.

"Hail Mary. Full of grace."

"Olga," said Sergius Kousmenski. He had walked rapidly up to her. He would speak to her just this once, find out the truth, and then, if she be unworthy, strive to blot out her image from his memory.

She did not move, perhaps she had not heard his heart-breaking appeal, she stood with her hands clasped, a rosary between her fingers.

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"Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners," she murmured devoutly; he might have been miles away for aught she heeded, her superstitious devotions seemed of so much greater moment to her, than this heart-broken man, who only longed to forgive.

"Olga," he begged once more, "have you nothing to say to me?"

Her face was hard and set, she would not look at him, she would have fled only he held her hands tightly, so tightly, that the beads of the rosary made deep impressions into her flesh.

One moment he almost hoped she would speak, and a look of entreaty—an entreaty for faith and trust—for an instant softened the set expression in her eyes. She seemed to listen in the distance to the monks still chanting and praying, to her, who never sinned.

"I have nothing to say," she said, "it would be best if you would leave me now."

Then Sergius let go her hand and walked away.

But she, now left alone, for a while watched his retreating figure. It almost seemed as if she *could* not let go.

She had forgotten her devotions; the rosary had dropped from between her fingers. Far away in the convent chapel the monks were chanting the last "Ave Maria." "Pray for us sinners," they sang, and the little bell had ceased tolling, the sound of the organ was dying away—a look of unutterable, hopeless despair softened the lonely woman's face. "Now and at the hour of death," she prayed, and, falling on her knees, she sobbed bitterly.

CHAPTER III.

How Sergius Kousmenski spent the remainder of that day he scarcely knew. He found his servants anxious about him, wondering where his Excellency could thus have spent a whole night.

His harsh severity against the inhabitants had rendered him an object of fear and almost hatred in the Polish city, and it was a very likely thing, if he chanced to be out alone at night, that some desperate patriot might succeed in ridding Poland of her dreaded governor.

But, even with an aching heart and a throbbing brain, duty must be gone through, and Sergius lived through that weary day—and waited for the night. The Trappist monastery lay two or three miles distant from the governor's palace, and yet in Sergius' ears, during that long day, there incessantly tolled the soft-toned bell of the Angelus.

When all was dark and quiet again within the city walls, Sergius Kousmenski went out—out, through the gates, across the fields, beyond which lay that convent chapel bathed in the moonlight.

The night was far advanced, and it was with a thrill of satisfaction that Sergius saw that the stained glass windows were lighted up from within.

He pushed open the heavy panelled door, which was never closed on those who wished to enter for rest, meditation, or prayer. The little chapel at first seemed quite deserted, and Sergius paused, wondering, till presently at the foot of the altar to the Virgin he spied the Trappist kneeling.

He was a middle aged man, his face worn, thin, and pale from long fasts and vigils. Sergius looked at him long; at him who must know all. Would he speak?

The convent rules are rigid, Sergius knew. From the day that the final vows are taken, the Trappists monks' lips are sealed for ever; complete silence shuts them out from all intercourse with mankind, and that silence may only be broken in order to give the prescribed greeting to each other as they pass. "Memento mori." All other words may only be addressed to God, or his saints, in prayer.

Sergius knew this, and yet he crossed the chapel aisle, and touching the kneeling monk on the shoulder he said:

"Father, I would speak with you."

The monk looked towards him, and for an instant a look of wonder crossed his impassive features, but it was a mere flash, he turned his eyes again Heavenward, and continued counting his beads.

"Father, a broken-hearted man seeks comfort at your hands, won't you speak to him?"

"Memento mori," muttered the monk half audibly.

"Aye! I remember!" said Sergius, drearily. "But before I die I will know the truth. Is it wrong to seek for truth?"

The monk seemed to have forgotten his presence; he was saying his beads devoutly, all absorbed.

"Father," again said Sergius, "I wish to speak about Olga Kriwenko. What was she doing in this chapel here last night?"

The monk once more turned towards Sergius. There was a wistful tenderness in his sunken eyes, but he was still fingering his beads, and his lips still murmered endless Ave Marias.

"Monk, whoever thou art," said Sergius

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"if thou art a man, answer me, what dost thou know of Olga?"

He might as well have been talking to one of the stone images round the chapel walls. The monk remained silent and prayed.

Then the untamed Tartar blood rushed wildly to Sergius' head. He looked with eyes of hatred at the fanatic monk, and, drawing a short dagger from his belt, he let it glimmer in the low lamp light.

"What did Olga do in this chapel last night?" he hissed in the monk's ear. "Remember, man, thy life is in my hands."

The monk looked at the knife with contempt, at Sergius with pity:

"Memento mori," was his sole answer.

He made no attempt to defend his life, but, when he felt the stab and felt his blood beginning to flow, with his hands and his robe he tried to staunch the wound, so that he should not pollute the Virgin's altar. But his lips remained sealed to the end. To the end the Trappist had kept his vow.

Sergius took him up in his arms, horror-struck at what he had done, and carried him out of the chapel to the little cemetery beyond. He laid the monk in one of the graves, and, being a devout Catholic, he knelt by its side and recited some prayers for the dead. Then he left him, and walked away across the fields.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a cruel time that now followed. A fresh Polish conspiracy had been discovered, and His Excellency Sergius Kousmenski the governor was more pitiless than ever towards those that fell into the clutches of the Russian police.

A woman, one Olga Kriwenko by name, was implicated in the plot. The governor heard that she was young and beautiful, and that she even succeeded in softening the heart of her jailers. Many an influential person pleaded for her life, but the governor refused to listen, and ordered that she should be shot the next morning, along with the others; and he also ordered that the Angelus should be rung from the Trappist convent chapel at the hour of their death.

People heard this curious decision, and wondered if His Excellency was really sane. He hardly knew himself, but he thought that if he once heard the Angelus sound together with that volley of musketry it would cease to haunt him as it had done for all these long days.

And when night came he wandered once more towards the convent chapel. Nothing seemed altered in the peaceful little house of God. A monk—was it the same?—was kneeling before the altar. Sergius sat in the chapel he knew not how long. The hours seemed so wearying. Would dawn never come? Dawn, when she should die. She who had broken his heart while quietly telling her beads.

The chapel seemed oppressive. He wandered out and into the little cemetery towards the spot where that open grave had been that night, which now held the body of the Trappist who would not speak.

Sergius had some difficulty in finding the exact spot; it had been levelled in this short while, and no crosses or stones mark the graves of the Trappists. Suddenly he paused; at his feet, over some newly trodden earth, something white was gleaming; it was a piece of paper pinned to the earth by a dagger.

Sergius stooped to look. He could read the words, stained by mud and rain though they were:

"To His Excellency the Governor of Warsaw, if he should chance to pass this way."

Feverishly Sergius pulled out the knife and unfolded the paper. It contained a few scribbled lines written by a feeble hand:

"Sergius Kousmenski, I could not speak to thee in life, let me speak in death. My moments are numbered, thy dagger did its work well, but not quite so well as thou hadst thought. I forgive thee my death. Forgive Olga Kriwenko, her sins were not against *thee*. Poland needed money. She undertook to find it. She alone knows *how* she succeeded. The man she saw here was her brother. To him she gave the money. Go thou, and on thy knees ask her pardon for having suspected her purity."

The paper dropped from Sergius' hand. A look of joy and hope illumined his face. All was not yet lost. Thank God! Thank God! She still lived.

At that moment the first sound of the Angelus came from within the convent chapel, and the monks once more began to chant "Ave Maria!"

No! no! stop! stop! in the name of God! wait!

Wait? Who should wait? Time or eternity?

"Pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death!"

And a distant volley of musketry rent the still night air.

Sergius Kousmenski fell forward on his face, and buried his head in the dust.

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He laid the monk in one of the graves.

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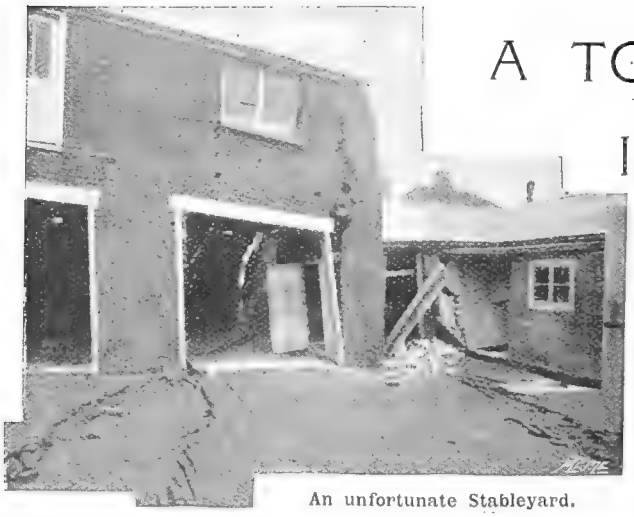

An unfortunate Stableyard.

A TOWN THAT IS SLIPPING INTO THE SEA.

By Frederick A. Talbot.

The inhabitants of the picturesque little seaside resort of Sandgate, situated on the Kentish coast a few miles south of Dover were thrown into a frantic state of terror and excitement on March 4th, 1893, when a portion of that town began to slide and slip about in all directions, as if constructed upon an ice foundation. The ground vibrated violently to the accompaniment of ominous rumblings; several houses collapsed about the ears of their unfortunate tenants as if built of cards, while others rolled and staggered to and fro in an alarming manner, eventually assuming the most extraordinary positions.

When finally the subsidences ceased, the district appeared as if it had suffered a severe bombardment at the hands of an invading foe so complete and widespread was the devastation and desolation.

Of course, several hypotheses were immediately advanced by seismologists and geological *savants*, to explain this most egregious phenomenon, but only two remain tenable. One contention is that the heavy rains which had prevailed for some time previously, had caused the subsoil to move, while others opined that the scouring action of the sea had washed away the land, causing the highlands, by sheer top-heaviness, to gradually slide downwards, until they once more settled upon a solid foundation.

In view of the fact that the sea has made considerable incursions upon this part of the coast, the latter explanation of the catastrophe appears the more probable, but whether this be the case, or otherwise, the district evinced unmistakable signs of slipping into the sea, and the profound fears of such of the inhabitants as dwelt within the affected area regarding the safety of their goods and chattels, were not allayed until the

In this particular case the house suffered little damage beyond that of being tilted to an angle. The conservatory was entirely demolished, curiously enough with scarcely a pane of glass being broken.

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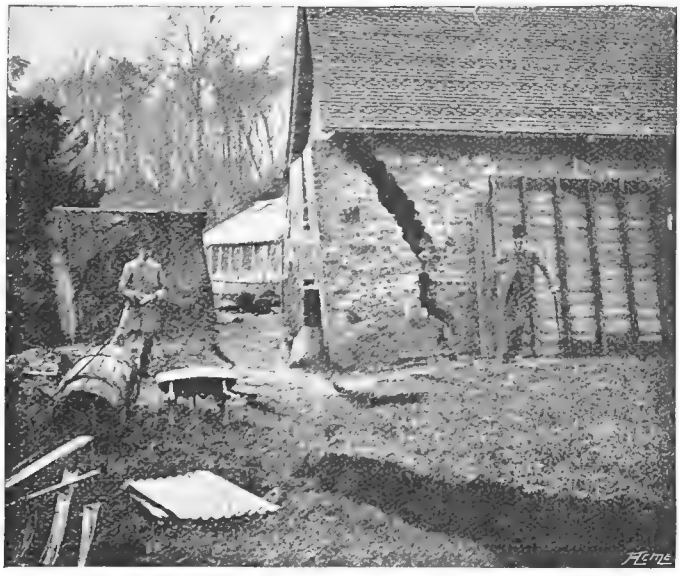
landslip ceased. But during the forty-eight hours which it lasted many houses were shattered, and families rendered homeless, while the damage inflicted to property was about £5000.

As is generally the case in such eccentricities of Dame Nature, some of the results of the catastrophe were most peculiar. Our first illustration is of a gentleman's private residence and grounds which, as may be seen from the bathing machines, were almost situated on the seashore. The house itself, beyond assuming a list to one side of several degrees, appears to have suffered very little, but the same cannot be said regarding the conservatory abutting the building. The glass roof has almost a switch-back resemblance, though strange to relate, notwithstanding these curious contortions, scarcely a pane of glass was broken. Then look at the ruins in the foreground. This heterogeneous mass of bricks, mortar, and glass is the remains of a glass-house built against a brick wall, which not being sufficiently stable to resist such untoward freaks of Nature, simply collapsed, bringing the glass-house down with it.



A Corner that suffered severely.

Buildings and walls so carefully erected by the builder were thrown out of the perpendicular to such a dangerous extent that they threatened to fall and bury all beneath them at any unexpected moment.

Most extraordinary is the effect of the slip represented in our fourth illustration. Along the road is seen a yawning crack where one part has slipped away from the other. That the landslip only occurred at intervals, and with fluctuating severity, is shown by the fact that the lower part of this land continued to move a long time after the upper part had come to a standstill. The long sinuous object stretching diagonally across the picture is the iron water-pipe. This was originally buried about 2ft. below the surface of the earth, but when the land began to subside the pipe refused to sink with it, and was consequently forced up through the earth. When it reached the surface, however, its further progress was barred by a stout iron hurdle. As the pipe could not very well break through this obstacle, it tore it up, bending the buried legs of the hurdle in so doing. The pipe finally broke in two where a bank was created through one part of the land falling away from the other. The bed in which the iron waterpipe originally reposed is plainly distinguished.

One stable yard with accompanying buildings was completely shaken to pieces by the catastrophe. The window was detached from the surrounding brickwork which was cracked in all directions; the lintels and doorposts of he entrances were twisted in the most fantastic manner, while the outer wall, of which the upper portion had collapsed tearing away the flooring in its descent, was bent like a bow. The line of the disturbance in this case can be easily traced in our illustration. There are the sunken and disarranged bricks extending across the stable yard and through the building, which it shattered so violently as to cause a yawning gap in the rear wall. This building, of course, like many others, had to be entirely demolished before rebuilding, being absolutely beyond repair.

Observe the two houses of which we give an illustration. Surely herculean strength has been applied in the effort to push the houses over. In this instance a scarcely

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more apposite appellation could be bestowed upon the buildings. Spring House appears as if it had been constructed upon springs, which, being suddenly released, had thrown the building into most extraordinary convulsions. And the ground floor has suffered extremely as a result, while the outer wall has been completely torn away by the force of the concussion. Had it not been for the next door habitation "Spring Cottage," nothing could have prevented the building from toppling completely over. There is no doubt but that the brunt of the subsidence in this case was concentrated under the foundations of Spring House while it scarcely affected Spring Cottage.

It is a wonder that the residence did not collapse in its entirety after having its equilibrium so extensively disarranged.

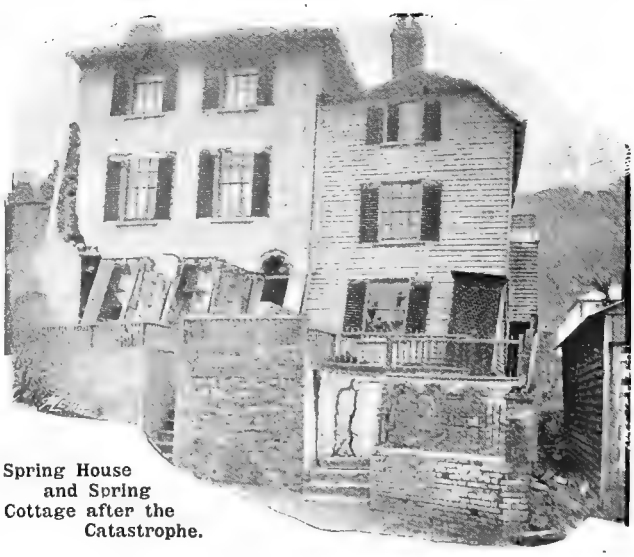
We give an interior illustration of the entrance hall of this *undesirable* residence, which presents a most bizarre appearance. The door has a tremendous list to the left, while the archway in the front of the picture is leaning in the reverse direction. The walls are cracked and the ceiling has succumbed to the potency of the landslip by precipitating the plaster upon the floor.

Two extraordinary Effects of the Landslide.
The gap in the front is along a road. The pipe was originally buried two feet below the surface.

At the time of the disaster the house was tenanted, and it is remarkable that the householders were not overwhelmed and killed. Strange to relate not a single life was lost in any part of Sandgate through the landslip, although the damage to property was considerable.

Much of the distress occasioned through the catastrophe fell upon the poorer classes, and as no recompense could be obtained from any insurance company to cover the damage inflicted, a public subscription was opened to alleviate them from suffering, and so great was the sympathy extended towards the unfortunate sufferers, that in less than three weeks £6,000 had been subscribed.

Only such as have experienced a severe earthquake can adequately realise the feelings of those who were in their houses during this landslip. Likewise, it may safely be asserted, that the individuals unfortunate enough to have been in their dwellings during this catastrophe have now a thorough knowledge of what a genuine "land-shake" is like.



Spring House and Spring Cottage after the Catastrophe.

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It is an uncanny and horrible sensation—once felt never forgotten. England, fortunately, is not often visited by earthquakes. The motion of a train is understood, we expect it; and the start of a train from a platform produces sensations we are so accustomed to that we totally disregard them. The same may, perhaps, be said of a vessel, except that the motion by no means always disregards us. Still, we are prepared for it, and the rocking and swaying of the carriage floor or the lift and rise of the deck we stand on are understandable, and in themselves harmless, if unpleasant.

To feel the earth heave and shiver is, however, utterly different. The ground beneath us is the one solid immovable thing we know of—at least we are accustomed to regard it as such. The train may be brought to a standstill—the vessel will in due course reach its destination. But when the earth shakes under us there is a terrible helplessness—a horrible uncertainty. An overwhelming awe possesses even those who are used to earthquakes. Gentle and minute as the vibration really is, the fact that it is beyond the control of man impresses him with a feeling of its vastness and his smallness.

The front Hall of Spring House.

This is not a photographic freak, but an effect of the foundations of the building slippling from under.

Naturally enough the initial idea of the inhabitants of Sandgate was that they were experiencing a terrific earthquake. One of the first to give the alarm was a woman living at the Coastguard Station. Between seven and eight in the evening she burst out of her cottage, crying that there was an earthquake.

More than one person had noticed strange happenings even on the previous day. One gentleman heard a peculiar rumbling or rushing, as of slipping sand, and a few minutes later noticed in a corner of one of the rooms of his house a distinct crack down the outside walls.

A lady had a decidedly peculiar experience. She and her sister occupied a house. The sister chanced to be out, as also the servant. Suddenly the solitary occupant heard an unexpected tapping and creaking. She listened attentively, and quickly jumped to the obvious cause—burglars! She crept to the room whence she traced the sounds, and, boldly trying the door, found she could not open it. It was apparently locked!

She promptly slipped out of the house, and quickly made her way to her neighbour's, and, having obtained the assistance of an officer who chanced to be visiting there, returned. They made a systematic search, but of course failed to find the miscreants. Moreover, they noticed that the door which was supposed to be locked was, in some unaccountable way, merely jammed.

The sounds continued to such an extent that the servant refused to sleep in the dwelling, and the two sisters sat up alone. Next morning they discovered that the entire building had sunk 5ins.

The Coastguard Station experienced, perhaps, the worst of the slip. Generally along the sea face the full effects were evident. Some huge groynes had been put up by the Local Board to protect the sea-wall. One of these was split, whilst the other was so forced out of shape that it presented a decidedly zig-zag appearance. Drain pipes, water pipes, and gas pipes suffered severely, and, being broken, added not a little to the general misery.

The Photographs of this article are by Jacob, Sandgate.

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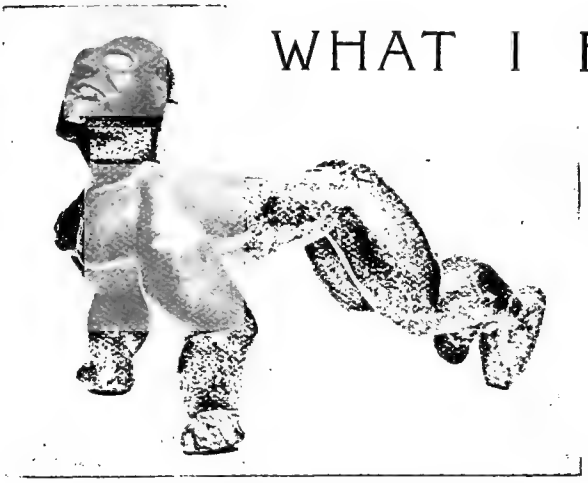

A native seat, originally an idol, representing a woman in one of the positions of the *hula* dance.

WHAT I PICKED UP IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

By

Florence E. Burnley.

These curiosities from Hawaii will help us to realise the great gulf that a rapid civilisation has fixed between the prosperous inhabitants of the city of Honolulu at the present day and the old pagan Hawaiian with his superstitions, his human sacrifices, and his queer customs.

Although this sprawling wooden figure makes a very good seat, and has actually been used as such, it was originally an idol representing a woman in one of the positions of the *hula* dance. The mouth is set with human teeth, and the crown of the head was formerly covered with tufts of human hair, taken from the head of some enemy, most of which has long fallen a prey to the mischievous fingers of a generation without reverence.

The Hula-hula were rather acted songs than dances. A Hula was danced probably for the last time recently on the occasion of a royal birthday, and as it is by no means a graceful or edifying performance this relic of barbarism will be well consigned to oblivion.

The dancers were usually women who wore wreaths of the gorgeous flowers for which Hawaii is so justly famed, dog's teeth buskins on their ankles, hog's teeth bracelets, and the whale's tooth ornament on the breast. The songs were sung to the accompaniment of drums — generally the small kind here shown—rattles and sticks struck together.

The rattle, "uliuli hula," consisted of a small gourd, in which were a few seeds, the stalk end forming the handle to which the large ornament, in the shape of a bouquet, was fastened. This latter is made of cock's feathers, with two rows of the royal red feathers of the *iiwi*.

The drum consists of half a cocoanut resting on a cylinder of palm wood, the membrane being strained over the head by means of sinnet cords.

The bringing down of a new idol from the forest was a most imposing and gruesome ceremony. A hog and a human being were sacrificed in front of the chosen tree, which

A *hula* rattle made from a gourd containing a few seeds, with a bunch of cocks' feathers tied to the other end o the stalk.

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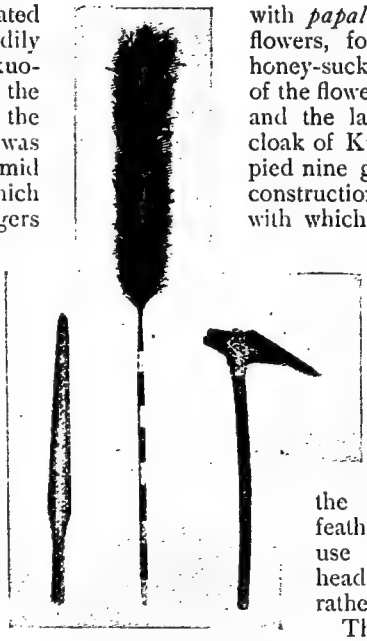
was then felled with a consecrated adze axe (here shown), and speedily converted into a long idol, "hakuohia." No one not taking part in the procession was allowed to see the image, on pain of death, as it was being carried to the new temple amid yells and the beating of drums, which acted as a warning to the villagers not to look.

Until the reign of King Kamehameha I. Hawaii was governed by independent chiefs, who were considered sacred and received almost divine honours. When they took their walks abroad the chiefs were preceded by outrunners, who gave the warning cry of "*E moe o!*" on hearing which the people prostrated themselves with their faces on the ground. Death was the penalty of the slightest breach of etiquette, such as to remain standing at the mention of the king's name in song, or when the king's food, drink or clothing was being carried past; to put on any article of dress belonging to him, or even to cross his shadow or that of his house. It will be readily understood that nothing was considered too costly for the use of such a revered monarch, and the cloaks like the one here given, belonging to a king who alone was privileged to wear one, were priceless. These robes of state are called *mamo* from the bird of the same name whose feathers are used for it; the groundwork is a fine netting of hemp, to which small delicate feathers of a bright canary yellow are attached so as to overlap each other, forming a velvety surface.



At the left and right are sacred axes for cutting down trees to be made into idols. In the centre is a feather sceptre of State.

A drum beaten especially during such events as the bringing in of a new idol.

The birds from which these feathers are obtained in phenomenally small quantities—one small tuft only from under each wing—are snared by means of branches smeared with *papala* gum and baited with flowers, for these small birds are honey-suckers, and live on the nectar of the flowers of the ohia, the banana, and the large lobelia. The feather cloak of King Kamehameha I. occupied nine generations of kings in its construction. The scarlet feathers with which the pattern is marked on the cloak are also royal—none but a chief or king was allowed to wear them; they were obtained from the *iiwi*, a song-bird of gorgeous plumage.

The helmet is made of wickerwork, covered in the same manner as the cloaks with the royal feathers; it is not of much use as a protection for the head in time of war, but is rather an insignia of rank.

The chiefs loved to be surrounded by a throng of attendants noble on the father's side. The most important, however, and indispensable of these many retainers were the *kahili*-bearers, of which there were several kinds, some being merely deputed to brush the flies from the royal person, while the others bore the variously-coloured sceptres of state called *kahili*, or feathered staffs, from 10 to 30ft.

A *mamo* or robe of state, the groundwork of which is fine hemp covered entirely with feathers.

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A royal helmet, made of wicker work, and covered with feathers.

high composed of feathers arranged on little branches attached to the staff so as to give the correct cylindrical appearance. These were of the greatest importance in all royal functions; the handles were covered with rings of tortoiseshell and pearl.

All kinds of fish, molluscs, fruit and seaweed, are eaten in profusion by the natives, flesh being considered a luxury. But *poi* is the national dish without which no repast is complete. It is prepared from the Taro root which is baked in an underground oven and then laboriously pounded with pestles on a large flat stone, water being mixed with it until it is of the consistency of starch; it is then put away in calabashes to ferment, after which it keeps for months.

Several *poi*-bowls, some made of calabashes, others of polished wood, ornamented in the style of our illustrations, appear on every Hawaiian table, that is to say, on the ground covered with fern and palm leaves for a table-cloth; no spoons or forks are used, each person dipping either his fingers or the piece of broiled fish or flesh he is eating into the nearest *poi*-bowl. The teeth and hair of the hideous figures supporting these bowls are of human origin and their eyes of mother-of-pearl.

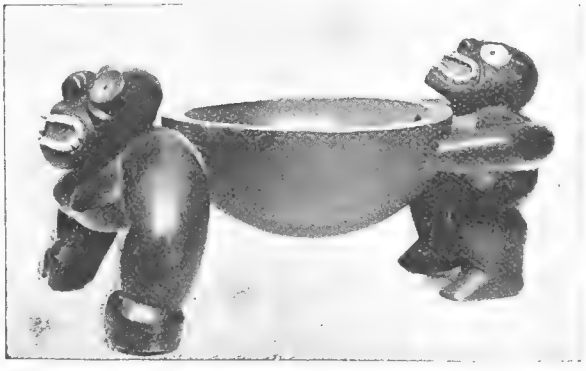
The Hawaiians are distinguished from the Polynesians by the fact that they distilled salt from sea-water and used it with their food, before the introduction of civilisation; and the double bowl here shown, with a grotesque figure for a handle, is a cruet for holding on one side salt or brine — whichever was the most convenient for dipping the food into — and on the other side a condiment composed of salt and baked *kukui* nuts pounded up together.

Another *poi* bowl. The teeth and hair are of human origin, the eyes being mother-of-pearl.

Rare ingenuity, such as would have delighted the soul of Isaac Walton, was displayed by the ancient Hawaiians in their methods of fishing and in the appliances they used long before the white man had had a chance of teaching them his crafts and arts.

The fisherman had first of all an intimate knowledge of all the different kinds of fish frequenting the seas, and of their habits and feeding grounds. The chief modes of fishing were by spearing—a sport sometimes indulged in by torchlight — by baskets, by hook and line, and with nets.

The hooks were made of bone, mother-of-pearl, tortoiseshell, in



A *poi* bowl. *Poi* is a preparation of the Taro root, eaten in a fermented condition.

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A native cruet for holding salt on one side and on the other a mixture of salt and baked *kukui* nuts.

different styles adapted to the fish they were intended to catch. A showy large variety of cowrie is used to attract the squid; it will be observed resting on the round stone which helps to balance the hook in the water.

The fishermen had many "tabus" (prohibitions) peculiar to themselves; their small temples might have been observed on every promontory, and they never used a new net or fishing-hook without making a sacrifice or repeating a prayer to their patron god Ku-ula-his wife Hina-hele, or the shark god Mokuhalii; the latter especially must be propitiated.

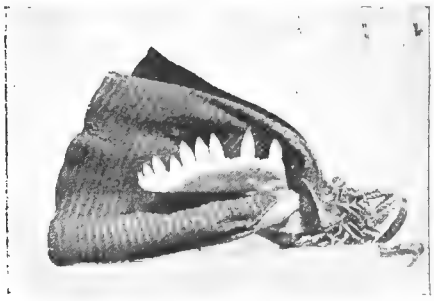
On the fourth night of the great Kuili ceremonies, during which feasting on hogs by priests and people was intermixed with religious rites, a great *aha* or service was performed by the king and the chief priest, while another priest wi h a large company of fishermen put to sea to fish for *ulua*.

The new idols were during the night invested with white kapa cloth, and received their names; a great sacrifice then took place. Several human victims, together with hogs, bananas, cocoanuts, and fish, &c., being offered upon the altar.

If the fishing proved unsuccessful, the men killed a man in the village, and, dragging him along to the temple with a fish-hook in his mouth, sacrificed him as a substitute. When the *ulua* priest approached chanting his prayers and carrying his hook and line, all the villagers fled in fear of their lives, and the other priests retreated within the drumhouse. As soon as the incantation was finished the priest reported to the king what manner of omens he had observed before offering up the fish; if his rod or line were broken, or if the fish had devoured all the bait, the omen was bad.

This is but one of the many ceremonies connected with fish, one of the great natural articles of diet abounding in the island.

The ceremonies at the death of a chief were just as curious as the rest of the customs of this interesting people.

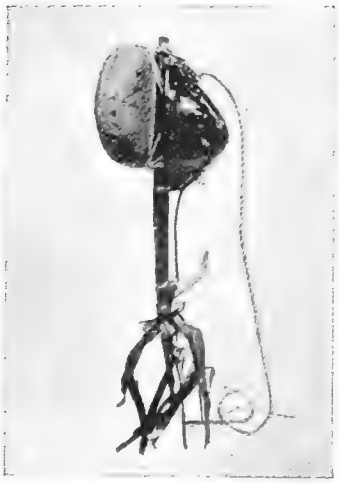


A flesh scarifier, used by the natives to lacerate themselves in times of great grief.

The natives were first of all tabooed from going on to the water, and they all appeared very much affected, whether by the tabu or grief one could not say, and they knocked out some of their teeth, cut off their hair, burned their flesh, the women scarifying their hands and faces with whales' teeth or jagged bones.

One of these scarifiers, with the little bag in which it was kept, is here illustrated. The priests then appeared on the scene and fenced in the house with wands and white flags, and a large fire was kindled inside the inclosure. The body of the chief was then cut up and his heart burned, prayers being recited the while; the ashes were then collected in a calabash.

The next day the bones of the chief, divested of every particle of flesh, were carefully wrapped up and borne in a large double canoe to a secret place in the island.



A fish hook. On one side is tied a stone, on the other a cowrie.

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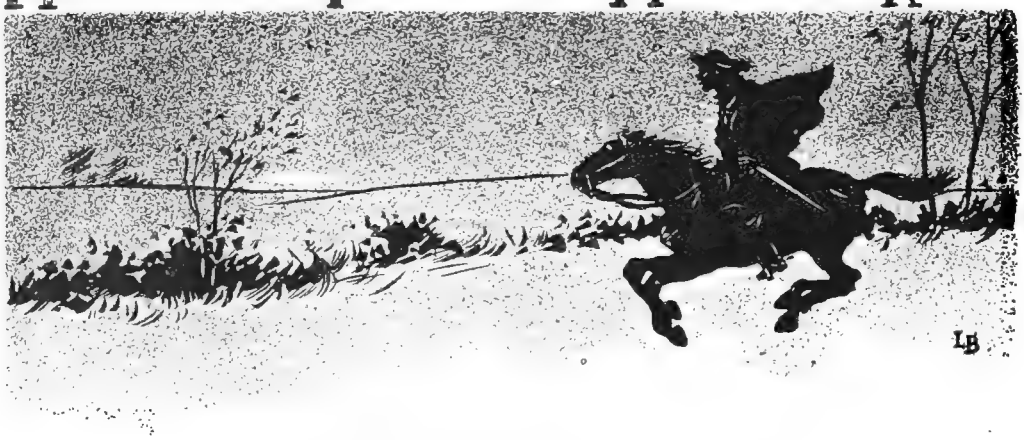
MARMADUKE PARDICAM'S MIDNIGHT RIDE



A STORY OF THE OLD HARBORO' ROAD.

By Edward Tebbutt.

For some moments I stood by Sir Harry's writing-desk before he took notice of my presence; then, to attract his attention, I tapped the side of my boot with the riding whip I carried. He laid down his quill pen, and stared at me with angry frown.

"So," said he, "you have been treading your old paths again, I hear. 'Tis time some pressure, some stringent pressure, were brought to bear upon your conduct. Such habits as yours, young gentleman, must be nipped in their infancy."

As for me I made no reply, knowing well that if my uncle were but allowed to speak his full, his anger would be of short duration. He was not a man of many words, nor of threats, but interruption and rudeness he would never brook. So I assumed an air of sorry repentance, and turned my eyes to the carpet.

"Well, boy," he exclaimed sharply, "have you naught to say for yourself?"

"'Twas but a joke," I answered in sullen mood, for he addressed me as he might a groom or a lad from his stables. Besides in the face of his sneer and obvious contempt, the joke did not appear so pretty as on the night before, when naught there was to hinder and everything to encourage.

"A joke!" he repeated, "a joke that is likely to cost you dearly. The stocks or the whipping-post are fitting results for jokes such as yours."

"You forget, sir," I replied haughtily, drawing myself up to my six feet of height, "'tis no boy whom you address."

"I' faith," quoth he, with elaborate sarcasm, "that is a fact it would be impossible to forget."

He smiled beneath his rugged eyebrows, and perhaps liked me none the less for my show of spirit. Yet as the smile died away it seemed to leave the frown cut even deeper in his forehead than usual. And his hands were shaking like any leaf, a sign of weakness I had never noticed before. Evidently weightier matters than my shortcomings were harassing the mind of Sir Harry Denison.

"Your mother would be grieved to hear of your escapades, Marmaduke," he said gravely, after a further pause. "Do you never intend to develop into anything more than a mere roystering hobbledoy?"

He looked at me in a careworn sort of fashion from eyes that seemed to remind me of the mother of whom he spoke.

"I'm very sorry, Uncle Harry," I blurted out, like the overgrown schoolboy that I was. "I'll be more of a credit to you in the future."

"First be a credit to yourself," he replied, "then talk of becoming a credit to me. However, if you will try and amend your ways, even a little, your conduct this time shall be overlooked. Now sit down, nephew, and we'll say no more about it. I have a mission for you to-night, if you care to undertake it."

I sat gingerly on the edge of a little fancy chair that seemed more suited to Dorothy,

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my cousin, and fell to wondering what this mission of his might be. For his part he did not enlighten me, but continued busily with his work, till sheet after sheet of paper was covered with his peculiar hand-writing. At length he came to a halt, and carefully folding the sheets one upon another, he sealed them with a huge red seal, and placed the packet before him on the table.

"Now, Marmaduke," he began more genially, "the mission of which I spoke. But first, I suppose you have heard that civil war is imminent between Charles and the Parliament?"

Indeed, had I; for the whole country-side was ringing with the tidings, and men were searching in cob-webbed corners for the old swords and pistols that had served either them or their fathers in bygone days. Nor did I intend to remain idle, when vast fields of enterprise were open to soldiers of spirit, and a great name and fame but waiting for such as sought to win them.

"Yes, I've heard of it," I replied eagerly. "Which party do you side with, Sir Harry?"

"The party that calls John Hampden its chief," was his stern reply. "The party whose aim is the overthrow of monarchical despotism, the levelling of arrogant pride and deceit."

I was somewhat disappointed at this, for I gathered from his long words that his sympathies were cast in with the Parliament, and I had imagined that it was more befitting the English gentleman to stand by his King and Dynasty, in the hour of trial and danger. Of the rights of either side I cared nothing, but, from what I had seen of the crop-eared Puritans, who ranted so long and loudly of Charles's misdeeds, I did not feel inclined to have aught to do with them. However, I had my uncle to consider at present, being entirely dependent upon him for my future. So I appeared to agree with all he said. Perhaps he noticed that my heart was absent from my words, for he suddenly cut me short.

"You may not believe in what I tell you at present," he said, "but to-morrow my friend Mr. Hampden journeys to Haselbeech Hall, and he will convince you more speedily than ever could I. No side that upheld the wrong could call him its chief."

He put down his quill pen and stared at me with an angry frown.

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I took little notice of his words at the time. Later, when I met John Hampden, I recalled them only too distinctly.

"The mission that I have for you to-night," said Sir Harry abruptly, "is on the side of the Parliament. Are you willing to undertake it?"

"I am," replied I, reconciled by the prospect of immediate action.

It is needless to dwell at length upon the information and instructions I received. The gist of what my uncle told me was simply this. Living at Northampton was one Sir Edward Montfiore, a Royalist adherent devoted to King Charles, who, to save his great wealth from the hands of the Parliament, and being himself at death's door, had secretly buried his jewels and silver, drawing up a plan to show plainly where they were concealed.

This plan was to be sent to-night to Prince Rupert, who lay at Harboro', and my errand was to circumvent the messenger, and relieve him of the documents he carried. How Sir Harry had managed to obtain his information I am at a loss to determine. Yet there it was, complete to the veriest detail, even to the starting-time of the courier. He would leave Northampton as the clock struck twelve, and, save for accident, should reach Harboro' in two hours.

All the afternoon I pondered upon my mission, and the more I gave it my consideration, the braver the aspect it bore. About six miles from Northampton was I to await my foeman, to settle my business without loss of time, and return immediately to Haselbeech Hall. It was well-nigh eleven o'clock, when, armed with sword and pistols, I rode from the courtyard into the night beyond. Some six miles of by-road I had to cover and one or two fields to cross before the Harboro' turnpike was reached. The air was thick and heavy, not impenetrably black but dulled with a misty darkness, and a faint, soft rain swept along at the whim of the changing breeze. Yet I felt gay and light-hearted as I set out on my midnight mission—the first acknowledged tribute to my manhood—and shook my rein and jingled sword and stirrup, till I remembered my uncle's warning that it were better for all concerned if none questioned whither young Marmaduke Pardigam had ridden in the dead of the night.

The road I had known from my boyhood, and I think Dagmar, my horse, could have followed it with closed eyes. So not much time had elapsed ere the fields were left in our rear and the turnpike itself was gained. The drizzle had changed to a steady pour, the wind blew in fitful gasps and shrieked and whispered through the leafless trees, bending and swaying them on either hand. Soft and sodden was the road, and every step that Dagmar took shot up a spray of mud and water to his hocks. Evidently my work was not to be marred by too great a sense of ease and comfort.

For some half-mile I rode on towards Northampton; then, at the crest of a steep hill, I halted, and pulling Dagmar into the shadow of the hedge, waited for my unknown adversary to gallop out of the blackness and the silence of the night. Weighted with lead seemed the passing moments. An eerie feeling crept over me, a feeling bred by the stillness, the mystery, the vigil, and with every sound or cracking of twig, Dagmar tossed his head with but ill-concealed impatience. Down slashed the rain in ceaseless torrent, hissing and swirling over the road and grass-side. Then—— Hark! What is that? For out of the silence ahead breaks the shock and patter of a galloping horse, sounds that grow clearer and more defined till it seems that they must be upon the very top of us. Nearer and nearer they come, almost drowned at times by the impatient oath of the rider as he urges on his steed to yet greater exertion.

With a slight pressure of my heel I drew Dagmar a little away from the hedge side, the while pondering upon the best method of dealing with my unknown horseman. Shoot him down in cold blood, and without warning, I could not, even for the sake of Montfiore's treasure. He was abreast of me before I could decide, a big fellow it seemed, mounted upon a powerful, mudsplattered horse.

"Your errand?" cried I, upon the spur of the moment. Foolish words, maybe, but yet sufficient to warn him of my presence. And then an honourable fight, man to man, and to earth with the weakest.

"To the devil with you," roared he, "and my errand also, for all that you may learn of it."

He turned in his saddle and raised his pistol in the air; a blinding flash of light illumined his coarse, ill-formed features, and a bullet whizzed by my ear in dangerous proximity. Involuntarily I ducked my head, nor did I raise it till the black night had enveloped his figure once more. Almost regretting the chance I had afforded him, I spurred recklessly in his wake. Fresher than his winded beast was Dagmar, and soon I was close upon him again. With a feeling of repugnance I raised my pistol and deliberately covered his broad back. Maybe

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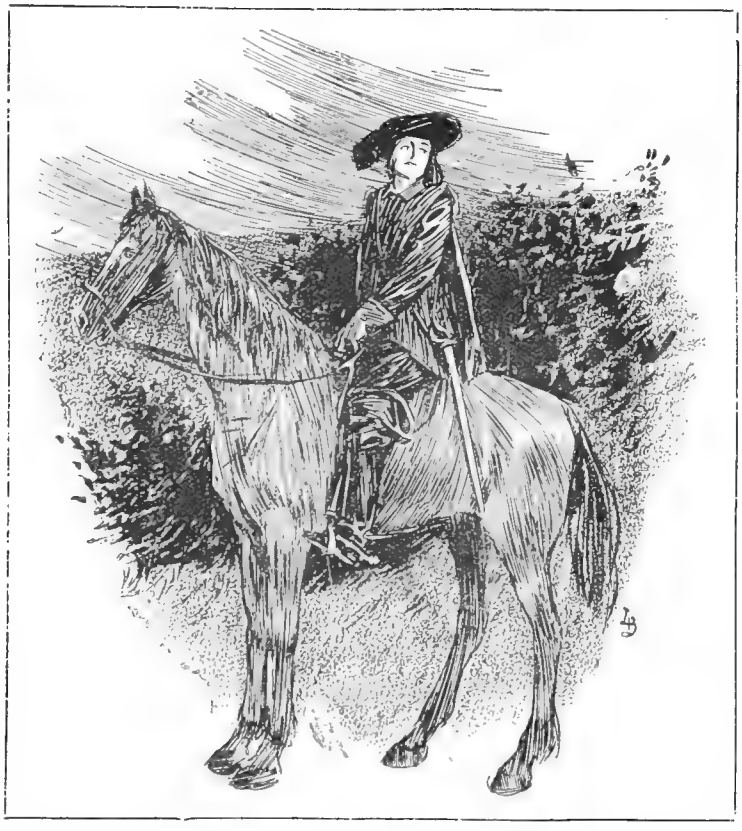
he instinctively felt my action, that I cannot say, anyway, he suddenly swung his arm across his breast and hurled his empty weapon with all his force in my direction. The butt end caught me fair and square across the forehead, sending me reeling and rocking from side to side. Yet was that only for a moment. I dashed the blood from over my eyes, and with a savage yell fired point-blank at the dark mass that rode, blurred and indistinct, before me.

It is not easy to fire a pistol from the saddle of a galloping horse and on a dark night.

Moreover, the blow I had received had dazed me to an extent, and I dare swear that, apart from all other things, my hand shook in my fierce excitement.

It was a quick aim I took, and as the tongue of flame spat out and the pistol kicked in my hand I seemed to know I had missed my mark.



In the shadow of the hedge I waited for my unknown adversary.

A hoarse laugh came from the Cavalier, and a jest for the poorness of my aim, yet the sudden swaying of his horse seemed to tell that my bullet had not been wasted. At length I reached his side, and struck at him with all the might of my sword. The blow, but barely escaped his skull. Had it fallen true it must have split it in twain; as it was it fell with a dull thud upon the hindquarters of his steed. There was a great gasping sob, the clatter and rattle of slipping hoofs—and alone I galloped towards the town of Harboro'. With an effort I pulled Dagmar's mouth well-nigh to his neck, and turned to where, with legs extended across the body of his dying horse, my foeman awaited my coming. Bridle between my teeth, pistol and sword in either hand, I charged ruthlessly at his huge figure. I had no longer any thought or consideration for my foe. The heat and fury of fight were upon me and I felt no compunction in making the best use of my advantageous position.

He quickly awoke me to other thoughts. Nay, he came nigh to vanquishing me through my impetuousness. I bore down upon him and slashed at him with my sword. All to no purpose. He slipped aside as I reached him, and managed to prick my leg, though but lightly.

"To foot," cried he, "and fight me man to man."

I slipped from off my horse and turned to where he stood, warily, cautiously. In the gloom I could but see his outline, though his blade flashed white from side to side.

I quickly drew near to him.

I extended my arm and our steels met; his eyes I could see now, eyes protruding with

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fear, or lust for my blood. Suddenly he lunged at my breast, and, unskilled though I was, I managed to turn his point aside. Then a gust of wind carried a very shower of water to my eyes, half blinding me with rain and blood. Impotent I stood for one moment, and in that moment my sword went flying over the hedgerows, leaving me with naught but my arms and strength to match his weapon and skill. With a roar I rushed upon him. Taken by surprise, he could neither defend himself nor keep me at bay. He slipped his sword into his left hand and struck blindly at me with his fist. I seized him by the wrists and forced his hands to his shoulders. Despite his size he was but as a child in my grasp. With barely an effort I flung him on his back and placed my knee upon his chest.

"The papers," I shouted. "The papers."

Eagerly I felt in his wallet and his doublet. Both were empty, no papers were there.

"Where are they, I say," I hissed, pressing my knuckles into his throat.

He writhed and struggled in his helplessness beneath my grasp.

"The horse," he gasped. "For God's sake loose me."

The horse. I had forgotten that. It lay some yards down the road, dead as any carrion. Yet I could not leave my conquered foe to reach its side. So to settle the matter I seized him by either ankle and dragged him through the mud and the filth to where it lay. Truly a doughty warrior this to send upon such an errand. With a hoarse warning I bade him have a care of what he would attempt, then plunged my hand into the holster that lay uppermost. My fingers closed upon something thick and bulky, I drew it from its hiding place. It was a packet of papers, taped and carefully sealed.

With a roar of laughter at my own success, I brutally kicked my adversary's head till he lay stunned and quiet. When he no longer moved I crept quietly back to where Dagmar stood waiting, and painfully clambered into the saddle. A wonderful feeling of hush and mystery seemed to have fallen upon the night. A long silver streak tinged the eastern horizon, radiating into beams of misty light upon the sky and cloud edge. The dawn had come, and with it had brought me victory. But to him who lay bruised and bleeding upon the sodden road, robbed alike of honour and all that the future had to offer. With what feelings would he view the breaking of another day?

In spite of the lateness of the hour there was still a light in Sir Harry's study when I reached Haselbeech, so it was here, armed with my precious documents, that I made my way. To my surprise my uncle was not alone. Seated by his side and engaging him in earnest conversation was a man whom, once seen, it would be impossible to forget. He was slightly above the average height with a countenance upon which power and intellectuality were stamped on every line; with a massive forehead shadowing a pair of deep grey eyes and the mouth and chin of a deity from ancient Greece. He looked up as I entered and Sir Harry gave a gasp of horror.

"You are wounded, boy," he exclaimed, rising to his feet.

I could but see his outline though his blade flashed white.

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"Tis nothing, sir," I replied bravely, though my head was whirling in weakness and agony.

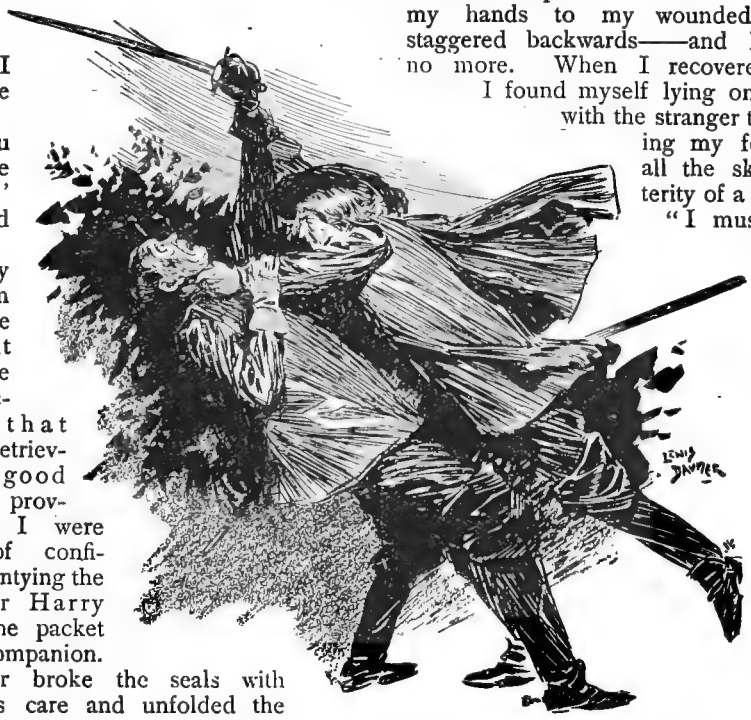
"But a mere scratch, I assure you."

"You have the papers?" He asked anxiously.

Proudly I laid them upon the table. At any rate I had succeeded that night in retrieving my good name and proving that I were worthy of confidence. Untying the tape, Sir Harry handed the packet to his companion. The latter broke the seals with scrupulous care and unfolded the papers one by one, my uncle watching his face the while. Suddenly it clouded as the heavens 'neath a summer storm and with an exclamation of anger he flung the packet on the table and turned to me, his eyes ablaze with fury.

"What means this, young master?" he demanded in short, crisp tones.

Mechanically I stepped to the desk and turned the papers over. They were blank from beginning to end. Then the room seemed to spin round and round; I raised my hands to my wounded head and staggered backwards——and I remember no more. When I recovered somewhat I found myself lying on the couch, with the stranger tenderly bathing my forehead with all the skill and dexterity of a woman.



With a roar I rushed upon him.

"I must ask your pardon," he said softly, "for my rude behaviour. You are a brave lad, and this night have succeeded to the heritage of your manhood. It is I who am to blame for this unfortunate blunder, for I should have guessed that Montfiore would send on a decoy to precede his real messenger. If we had all acted with the judgment you have displayed, Parliament would have had cause to be thankful to-day. As it is—if ever I need a trusty soldier I shall not have far to look."

Thus I first met John Hampden!

My bright love, my white love,
When out of your sight, love,
The world is in darkness, the sun
has no ray.
My sweet love, my neat love,
To sit at your feet, love,
Is life spent in sunshine, 'tis night
turned to day.

My pure love, my sure love,
My dainty demure love,
My past and my present, my future,
my all.
My dear love, 'tis clear love,
That you I revere, love,
Death only could free me from your
tender thrall.

My fair love, my rare love,
Beyond all compare, love,
My angel from Heaven, a gift
from the skies.
My whole love, my soul love,
It's hard to control, love,
God make me more
worthy to win such
a prize.

G. D. Lynch.

Google

Photo by Aylwarde, Basingstoke.

Hackwood House.

The apparition of a grey lady appeared here. She is young, and is said to have been murdered in the house.

WHERE GHOSTS WALK.

By Edmund F. Ball.

Scattered all over "Our Happy Isles" may be seen many mansions and ghostly looking ruins, where tradition tells us spirits frequent and goblins hold their midnight revels.

Many churchyards—especially those in the country—still retain their "ghost." Of these perhaps the most noted legend is that in connection with Kelvedon, Essex. It appears that a poor miller, who, though honest, found it impossible to make both ends meet, and hanged himself from the branches of an old tree. Tradition states him to have been the "only honest miller in Essex," and that his spirit may sometimes be seen wandering around the churchyard, with a halter around its neck and its tongue lolling out—certainly not a very pleasant sight.

The remarkable story of the apparition at Berry Pomeroy Castle, near Totnes, appears to be authentic, and is well-known in the West of England.

The legend runs that in the latter part of the last century Dr. Walter Farquhar, who was then at Torquay, was called to the Castle to attend the steward's wife. On his arrival he was shown into a room on the ground floor and asked to wait a moment. After some minutes had elapsed he grew impatient, and arose to question a female who had opened a side door and was walking across the room. His surprise, however, was great when he noticed her manner and garb. She was dressed in rich attire, but in an absolutely out-of-date costume, and wrung her hands in a pitiful manner—her face evincing signs of great distress. She walked to the flight of oak stairs and, quickening her pace, disappeared.

At that moment the steward entered the room, and announced that his wife was ready to see him. Dr. Farquhar found his patient dangerously ill, and he was so much engrossed with the case that he forgot, ere he left the building, to question the steward as to the young lady in the curious dress he had seen.

On the

Photo by F. Kitto, Torquay.

Berry Pomeroy Castle, Devonshire.

Where Sir Walter Farquhar, the famous physician, saw the ghost of a young woman.

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Photo by F. Kitto, Torquay.

Babbicombe Beach.

Reported to be haunted by the ghost of Miss Keyse, who was murdered by her butler.

following day he found his patient much improved, and remembered to ask the steward about the mysterious young lady. As the Doctor recounted his experience the poor fellow showed unmistakable signs of fear and trembling, and told the Doctor that now he was sure his wife would soon die, as the spectre was the spirit of the daughter of an early owner of the Castle who had murdered her child, and had since appeared as an omen foretelling the death of an inmate.

Dr. Farquhar quickly gave the steward every assurance of his wife's turn for the better, and that he thought she would continue to improve, but the credulous old steward would not hear of it.

The next day the Doctor called at the Castle, and was astounded to find that his patient *had died soon after he left the place the preceding day.*

The most strange part of the story is to come. After an interval of several years, Dr. Farquhar was well-known in London as Sir Walter Farquhar (1796), and could count among his clients and friends certain members of nobility and Royalty.

One day a lady came to him in great distress, saying her sister was ill, and appeared to be wasting away, and that on being questioned, she was most emphatic in saying she saw a ghost when visiting in Devonshire some weeks before, which had left such an impression upon her, that do what she would she could not shake it off. The lady further said that the spectre appeared at Berry Pomeroy Castle, at which Sir Walter started, told his experiences, and requested to see the young lady immediately, whom he found suffering as described. The poor girl appeared greatly relieved to be speaking to someone who shared her uncomfortable experience, and, it may be added, soon regained her usual health.

Sykes Lumb Farm, near Blackburn, Lancashire, has a well-known reputation for being haunted.

The house itself is a very primitive dwelling, built of large, roughly-hewn blocks of coarse limestone, having a lonely situation in a secluded dell by the banks of the Meller Brook.

Several parties have asserted that they have seen an old wrinkled woman pass along the road which led to the Lumb, but were so afraid that they never dared to question her.

It came to pass that a young farmer occupied the premises, and on seeing the "ghost" one night beneath an old apple-tree in the orchard he accosted her, when she pointed to the ground. The young man dug and soon came upon a number of earthenware jars containing ancient gold and silver

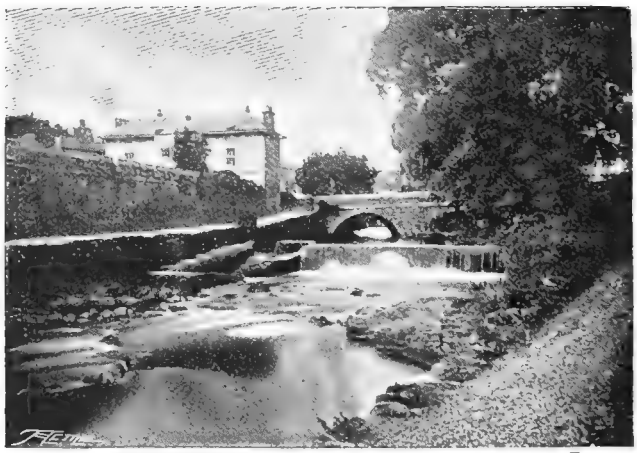

Photo by F. Kitto, Torquay.

Abbey Bridge, Tavistock.

Lady Howard's ghost is said to ride over this bridge at midnight in a carriage of bones drawn by a headless horse.

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coins of hundreds of pounds value. After this night it is said the old dame has not troubled the country folk so much.

Heath Old Hall, near Wakefield, Yorkshire, also has its ghost. This mansion is a splendid pile of the Elizabethan period, and the windows were formerly emblazoned with the arms of some of the chief of England's nobility.

In 1593 William Witham, who was in possession, was suddenly taken ill and died. A later owner of the Hall was a sister of Witham's—Lady Mary Bolles—a strong-minded woman, who was locally known as "Old Mother Hubbard," and who, it is recorded, died in 1662 at the age of eighty-three. Tradition says this lady's spirit still haunt's the place. Her favourite spot seems to be the old banqueting hall, where she has been seen to glide along in a most mysterious fashion. This ghost is also reported to have walked in Heath Grove; but was afterwards conjured down into a hole of the river, which is even to this day known as "Bolles' Pit."

There is a strange story of the supernatural in connection with Hackwood House, an old mansion near Basingstoke, in the shape of the ghost of a young lady, said to have been murdered there. She was seen soon after the house was purchased by Lord Bolton, by Lord Bolton himself and two of his friends.

The ghost of Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, is said to haunt Walpole House, Chiswick Mall, and her spirit appears at short intervals at a bedroom window in the upper part of the house, wringing its hands and beseeching some unknown person to "Give her back her lost beauty."

Away in the north the old mansion of Denton Hall, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, is haunted by a spectre rejoicing in the name of "Silky," whereby hangs a love story.

In the time of the Stuarts a gallant cavalier was paying attentions to an elder sister but he afterwards incontinently transferred his affections to a younger sister—an extremely beautiful girl. The discarded sister, mad with jealous passion, sought the favoured girl's bed and strangled her. The restless spirit of the murderess has been frequently seen dressed in white silk of out of date design, silently moving along the passages and up the great staircase of the house to the room where the tragedy was committed. As late as 1884 the mysterious form appeared and was seemingly dragging "something" across the floors of two rooms to an open window.

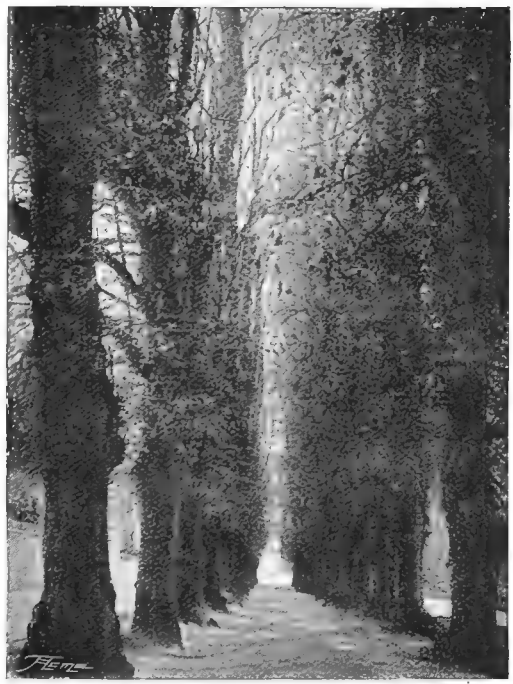

Photo by F. Kitto, Torquay.

Lime Avenue, Torquay.

The ghost of a Spanish officer's wife, dressed in flowing white robes and riding a white horse, frequents this avenue.

Her sudden appearance has been known to act as a warning of death to certain of the inmates, and several instances are reported to have come true. In one case the spectre appeared to a young lady who happened to be staying at Denton Hall, and warned her against a young man who had been paying her attentions. It is said that some time afterwards some facts became known which showed the young fellow to be a very undesirable character as a suitor for the hand of the young lady. This girl, it should be mentioned, had not heard of Silky and her warning propensities, and was under the impression that her visitor was some cranky old lady who was staying in the house, as the apparition, in addition to her white dress, wore jewellery, and even wrinkles were plainly discernable upon the face. The incident leaked out by the girl telling a friend in confidence of "the interfering old woman," as she put it. Several instances can be quoted of visitors, who had either encountered or heard

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"something," and refused to stay in the house.

Of the once magnificent Palace of Richmond, built on Richmond Green by Henry VII., the old gate is the chief ornament, and this is said to be haunted by the ghost of Queen Elizabeth, who died here in 1603.

The spirit of another Queen, that of Catherine, is reputed to haunt the gallery of the great staircase of Hampton Court Palace.

It appears she had been confined to her room, and, escaping, ran screaming along the staircase to speak with King Henry VIII., who was at his devotions (?) in the chapel. The guards, however, bore her back to her chamber still screaming, and she afterwards met her doom on Tower Hill. The ghost still screams, and is said to wear a look of utter despair as it rushes along the passages.

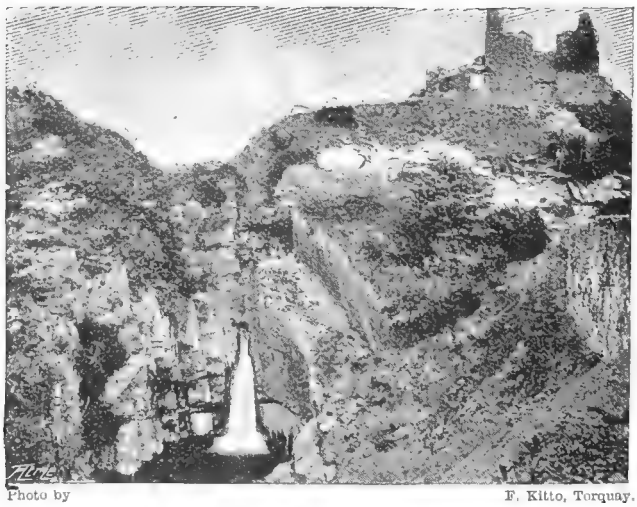

Photo by F. Kitto, Torquay.

Kitty's Fall, Lydford.

Haunted by the ghost of a young girl who was drowned when trying to ford the river.

Coming again west we find that Tavistock also has its traditions, and the credulous townsmen will tell you that the notorious Lady Howard — in the usual ghost form—can be frequently seen riding in a carriage of bones drawn by a headless horse over the bridge at the witching hour of midnight.

Torquay, besides its beautiful scenery is famous as having had a prison during the Spanish Armada. At that time the old barn in the grounds of Tor Abbey was used as a place of confinement for Spanish prisoners, and tradition states that numbers of these Spaniards were starved to death there, and that their hungry ghosts still haunt the place.

One legend in particular runs that a woman —the wife of a Spanish officer (who had somehow joined the service to be near her husband)—rides a white headless horse, and when seen by those qualified to see such sights, wears white flowing robes and frequents the leafy Lime and Chestnut Avenues near the Spanish Barn.

We will conclude this article with a recount of the remarkable ghost story of No. 50, Berkeley Square, London, which will bear repeating. This house is situated on the west side of the square, and shows nothing extraordinary from an outside inspection.

Its history records that a bedroom on the second floor is visited by night by "something" so terrible, that those who see it are nearly "frightened to death." In support of this one instance is put forward of a servant being found on the floor in convulsions after a sight of this horrible apparition.

Another instance is related where the inmates were sorely troubled by uncanny noises, and a young man—engaged to one of the daughters—volunteered to stay a night in the room and so discover the origin of the mysterious sounds. He was to have a bell on the table, and it was arranged that should he ring *once*, it signified that he had seen something, but no one was to enter the room. If he rang *twice*, some one must come to his aid.

During the night the bell was heard to ring once, and as was agreed, no one responded.

After a short interval the bell was rung again—this time furiously—and upon his friends rushing in the ghost-scoffer was discovered on the floor dead.

This is but one of the many strange stories connected with the "Haunted House" in Berkeley Square.

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An Inspiring Story.

FRAIL as the human body seems to be it is a hard thing to kill. Men have lived with iron rods driven through the brain; they have lived with musket balls in various parts of their anatomy; they have been caught up by tornadoes and landed safe miles away; they have passed through almost incredible hardships and privations and come out with lots of vitality left; they have been pronounced dead by doctors and undertakers and emerged from their coffins to work and laugh for many a year afterwards; they have (but not often) been hustled through the terrible Whirlpool Rapids at Niagara, and survived to tell of it; and as for diseases, they will outweather nearly anything named in the medical dictionaries, if they have the ghost of a show. I read of a man who successfully defended his log cabin against a whole band of savages. Only he had the women of his family to load his guns and hand them to him.

That's where it is. Nature will make no end of a plucky fight for life if she only gets a bit of help when she is short-handed and rather too hard pushed. But the help must be of the proper sort and intelligently rendered. And, sorry and sad to say! that is the kind of help so rare in the world, and generally so slow to turn up when we are laying on for all we are worth, with our back against a tree.

For instance, when our good friend, Mr. Francis Craig, had got so weak he couldn't put on his clothes, and so thin you could place an egg in each of the hollows behind his ears, it was high time for some friendly forces to rally to his aid.

"In March, 1879," he says, "whilst living at Ballinacourty, Dungarvan, I began to lose strength. I was weak, weary, and dejected, having no life or energy. My appetite was poor, and food gave me no nourishment, but on the other hand tended to irritate my stomach. My breathing was difficult, and often I had to fairly fight for my breath. My skin was very sallow, and often the whites of my eyes were yellow, as in jaundice. I was soon exhausted and dreadfully weak; but I kept up as well as I could for a time.

"I expectorated a great deal, straining to bring up the phlegm, which was frequently streaked with blood. I was constantly spitting up a frothy fluid, and a short cough troubled me night and day. Cold, clammy sweats broke over my body, leaving me prostrate. The breathing got worse every month, and at length I could not lie in bed, but had to be propped up; *and for two years I sat up in bed.*

"Gradually I wore away to a skeleton, and shrank so much you could have placed an egg in the hollows behind my ears. I was now assisted up and down stairs; and *for three years I was unable to dress myself.* I took only light nourishment and liquid food, and gained no strength from it.

"For four years I went on like this, now better, now worse; and many times was so reduced *I thought my end had come.* I had six doctors attending me, but derived no real benefit from their treatment from first to last.

"In April, 1883, I met a friend who urged me to try Mother Seigel's Syrup. I merely smiled at the suggestion, as I had no faith in its doing me any good. My wife, however, persuaded me to take it, and got a bottle from Messrs. Brenan & Co., Grattan Square. After taking half a bottle I could eat well, and my breathing was easier. I continued with it, and gained strength every day.

"In a few weeks, to the surprise of all my friends, *I was walking about strong and hearty.* I was soon strong as ever I was in my life, and have since been well. You can publish this statement, and refer anyone to me. (Signed) FRANCIS CRAIG, Abbeyside, Dungarvan, County Waterford, Ireland, September 15th, 1897."

This is an inspiring story; the very thing to cheer and hearten all who have suffered long and much, and are on the verge of giving up the fight. It is nearly enough to make one fancy nobody dies save through ignorance, or non-use of this great remedy. While that is, of course, not the fact, we see how tremendous a victory may be won, even close to the churchyard gate, when the exhausted combatant is reinforced by a medicine of such potency as this one. The disease, although it nearly resembles consumption, was of the digestive organs alone. From it arose the asthma and other functional disturbances described. Mr. Craig is a retired officer of Coastguards, and is now local Hon. Secretary of the National Lifeboat Institution, and he will pardon me for intimating that Mother Seigel's Syrup was virtually a rescuing lifeboat to him in the struggle he was unavailingly making against wind and sea.

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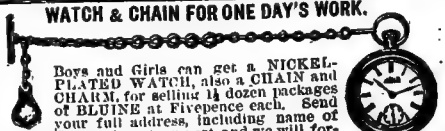

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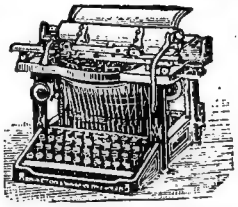

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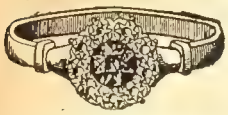

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